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THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE



WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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YOU are thinking of a Christmas present for a friend or friends. What more fitting than to subscribe for him or her or them for the *Mirror* for one year? In that way you may delightfully recall to him or her or them your interest fifty-two times between now and next Christmas. For two dollars you can have a pleasant remembrance of yourself thus recalled every week. If you like the *Mirror*, the people you like will surely like it.

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SONNETS TO A WIFE.

M. R. ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S volume, "SONNETS TO A WIFE," has run through its first edition. There are very few copies remaining unsold. A second edition will be run off in the next fortnight. The

fact that the first edition has been exhausted has sent copies to a premium. Therefore, each volume in the next issue will be plainly marked "second edition" to prevent frauds upon collectors of "firsts." The second edition will be a reproduction of the first, with some minor corrections by Mr. McGaffey.

THE IMITATOR.

THE MIRROR'S anonymous story-satire of high, social, artistic and dramatic life in Gotham, THE IMITATOR, is now published. Orders sent to this office will be filled as received. The price of the volume is \$1.25.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE November, December and January issues of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS will be issued after New Year's and the numbers will be of especial interest.

THREE NOTES.

(From the Higginsville, Mo., Jeffersonian, Dec. 21, 1901.)

NOTE NO. 1.

FROM CAPT. ASBURY TO MR. REEDY.

Wm. Marion Reedy,

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR—I enclose 10c to pay for the over number of the MIRROR—you have sent me after the expiration of my sub. time. I have been a reader of the MIRROR for many years—now that Booker and you have become Diners with Roosevelt, I want no more of it. Yours,

A. E. Asbury,

Higginsville, Mo., Dec. 13, 1901.

NOTE NO. 2.

FROM MR. REEDY TO CAPT. ASBURY.

St. Louis, Dec. 14, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR—Enclosed find receipt for 10c remitted in your letter of December 13th.

I had a very pleasant luncheon with President Roosevelt. It may please you to know that things are even worse than you imagine. Upon the days on which I took luncheon at the White House, there was a dog present. Master Kermit Roosevelt came in from school, and the animal sat between that young gentleman and myself, and, I believe, had a few scraps from the table, although I am not certain about this. Anyhow the animal was present.

If it be a sin to be the guest or the friend of the President of the United States, I plead guilty.

Very truly yours,

W. M. Reedy.

To Mr. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Missouri.

NOTE NO. 3.

FROM CAPT. ASBURY TO MR. REEDY.

Wm. Marion Reedy,

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR—I was not expecting to receive the favor of a reply to my letter, but as you have honored me with an answer, I desire to say that although you are in advance of me in greater intelligence and matchless logic and word painting, yet there is an ingrounded vein in me that cannot accept amalgamation of the races, even if the GREAT HUNTER and BRAG, ROOSEVELT, and the GREAT REEDY be for it. I cannot be carried along with them and by them.

It is so utterly degrading in my estimation that I shrink in horror from it. Beasts and dogs are much alike, as servants, but I prefer the dog as a companion.

A. E. Asbury.

Higginsville, Mo., Dec. 15, 1901.

REFLECTIONS.

Capital and Labor

OF all the funny farce, fakes of a fakir age the Mark Hanna arbitration scheme, to settle the differences between Labor and Capital, is the finest. The names of the participants in the conference are imposing, but that is all that can be said in fairness. The arbitration scheme looks well upon paper, but it will not work, simply because the response of the employer to offers of arbitration is always that "there is nothing to arbitrate." There is, on the other hand, no means of enforcing upon striking workmen the decrees of the arbitrators. The unions cannot be penalized for failure to submit to decrees. They have no property to seize. They cannot be fined. And individual workmen cannot be punished for refusing to work. While it is possible that some laws may be enacted to facilitate the settlement of strikes, it is everlastingly true that, so long as human nature remains what it is, there will be conflict between employer and employe and that compromises of such disputes will be only temporary in character. It is not to be wished that there should be an utter annihilation of differences between the hirer and the hired, for that could only be and continue through a condition of content that would eventually become stagnation. Life is and must be a fight and in the fighting the best things in life are developed. Labor will not get its dues in any other way than by fighting. Capital will take advantage when it can keep down wages.

Cabinet Changes

WHILE there may not be so many changes in the Cabinet as the Washington correspondents rumor, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the President should desire to some make changes. It is only natural that a man in the Presidency should want, in his official family, men loyal to himself and in sympathy with his personal views. No man can entrust the carrying out of his ideas to lukewarm supporters or, possibly, secretly hostile associates. The President should have a free hand, as he will be held personally responsible for the whole administration.

Miles and Schley

HARD as it may seem upon Admiral Schley to have the discussion of the Battle of Santiago stopped at a stage in which he is left at the disadvantage of being censured by a majority of the Court of Inquiry, and severe as is the censure of General Miles, the action seems to have been called for. There has been too much talking in the Navy and in the Army. There has been too much criticism of superiors, all of it tending to the destruction of discipline. If the talking were not stopped, there might be a dozen courts of inquiry in session and all the officers of both arms of the service set at loggerheads. Admiral Schley is not injured by the Administration's determination not to reopen the matter. Admiral Dewey's minority report is the majority report, because the people approve it. That report vindicates Schley of the charge of cowardice and that was the real burden of the attack upon Schley. The Administration is right in deciding that there must be an end to the squabbling that has been going on for three years. The Administration is right in stopping General Miles' mouth. The Navy and the Army must be brought back within the rules of the services against actions promo-

tive of insubordination. If naval men or army men want to enjoy free speech, they may do so by leaving the service.

Philippine Pessimism

GENERAL CHAFFEE'S report upon the condition of affairs in the Philippines is undeniably discouraging. It is very much less optimistic than that of General McArthur, sometime since, and almost diametrically opposed to the views of the civil commission. The army has, apparently, little hope that the islands will soon be pacified. The officers, almost without exception, do not believe in the possibility of quieting opposition to our rule. They think that every Filipino is a "traitor" and that the civil governments, so far established, are made up of men secretly aiding the insurgents. In the conflict of opinion it is hard for any one far removed from the islands to decide the right of the matter. About all that one can say is that the situation looks like a bad business. And yet, what are we going to do about it? We cannot leave the islands and the people a possible prey for other powers. We cannot sell them. We cannot maintain a protectorate without being responsible for the maintenance of peace and order. We cannot maintain peace and order without suppressing lawlessness. We cannot set up governments that would be hostile to the protectorate. The United States must do its best along the lines it has proceeded upon thus far. While the army idea of the situation may be right, it is not impossible that the Filipinos may like us better the more they know of us. It is possible that they may be educated to see that the United States wants to prepare the way for a Filipino rule of Filipinos under the American flag. This must be our hope, rather than cannon and bayonets, but, unfortunately, we cannot abandon the cannon and the bayonet while the Filipino wields the bolo so effectively against our forces.

The President's Local Appointments

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S St. Louis appointments were an honest effort to give the city good officials and to heal the breach in the ranks of the Republican party. Mr. Gallenkamp, for Surveyor of the Port, is a good man in every way. Mr. Wencker, who seemed an exceptionally happy selection in view of all the circumstances, has declined appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue, for reasons of his own. The declination, unfortunately, reopens the factional fight between Mr. Kerens, Missouri's National Committeeman, and the Congressmen from St. Louis, yet it is only fair to assume that, in declining the honor, Mr. Wencker acted with due consideration of the best interests of his party and the credit of the Administration.

The Pay of Congressmen

IN some quarters there has been inaugurated an agitation in behalf of better pay for Senators and Congressmen. The argument in support of the agitation is that if those public servants were better paid they would be less open to inducements to favor private interests and there would be fewer of them retained as lawyers on salary for great corporations. There is something in the argument, but not so much as many persons imagine. In the first place it is not at all certain that so many Congressmen, as we are told, are venal. The membership will probably average up as well in honesty and integrity as any similar number of men that might be gathered together. It is not certain that the average Congressman who would not be honest on \$5,000 per year would be honest on \$10,000 a year. It is not certain that the wealthier Congressmen and Senators are more honest than the poorer members. The question must resolve itself down to one of whether the pay is adequate for the service rendered. Would a Congressman, generally, be able to earn more in his private business than he does as a servant of the people? The editor of the MIRROR is inclined to think that the average member of Congress would earn more if he devoted himself to his private affairs. Taking one consideration with another, \$5,000 a year is not a great salary for a man who is fit to be in Congress, and if

he ekes out a little more on mileage and clerk hire by appointing a member of his family as clerk, the sum total of his revenue is not great. A member of Congress in either branch has many calls upon him for expenditure through living in Washington and, probably, maintaining a house at home. Then his election costs him something that makes a hole in his salary, be he never so careful to keep within the law's limit of election expenses. The salary of a Congressman, at present, is not large, considering his position and the increased cost of living in accordance with that position. The proposal to increase the pay of the people's representatives is one, upon the whole, deserving of support.

The World's Fair

GROUND having been broken for the great St. Louis World's Fair, work may be said to have begun in earnest, or at least it may be said that something has been done that the people can appreciate as an earnest of determination to push the work to the earliest possible conclusion. The World's Fair management has been criticized somewhat severely in these columns. It will be again, probably, as occasion may arise, but there is no disposition upon the part of the MIRROR to join in any indiscriminate abuse of men who are doing their best as they see it. That things may go wrong in detail, and that no management can satisfy everybody are self-evident propositions, but it is well for us all to remember that the men who are at the head of the World's Fair enterprise are human beings, like their critics, and are, in their way, as honest in their designs and their methods as would be any of the rest of us. One may criticize, or, at least, should try to criticize, upon this assumption alone, and that the MIRROR has endeavored to do, with what success the paper's general readers must determine for themselves. The MIRROR, with this preface, cannot refrain from saying that it does not think the policy of the management, as outlined from the inside, is one that is calculated to produce the best results. That policy is, in effect, that the Fair shall be built and conducted with a view, primarily, to a return to stockholders upon their investment. The MIRROR does not believe that one subscriber in twenty or in fifty put down his name on the subscription list with any idea that he would make a profit or that he would get his money back, or that he would get any large percentage of his subscription. It was regarded, in every instance, as a donation. The MIRROR is of the opinion that the way to achieve a great Fair is not along the lines of reproducing the general effects of other Fairs on a smaller expenditure of money. "We think," says a Director, of whom the present writer is personally very fond, "that we can have a World's Fair as good as Chicago's and return to the stockholders about forty per cent. of their investment." With due respect for the gentlemen, that is not the sort of Fair the world expects. The Fair must be splendidly beautiful and beautifully original, and the forty per cent may go hang. Neither St. Louis, nor the Purchase States, nor the United States, nor the world at large, cares for a cheap Fair. The main object must be to produce an effect that will be great enough to lift men above any consideration of what the display cost. The effect must be looked to, not the return upon the investment. Originality and great beauty are not procurable upon haggling terms. Not that it is well to throw money away, that is not what the MIRROR advocates, but the proper spirit in which to proceed with the making of a splendid exposition is one of largeness, not smallness, generosity not penny-pinching. Keeping down expenses is a form of wisdom that may degenerate into folly, or even into vice. The best is the cheapest, but the cheapest is not necessarily the best. There is no truly great structure in the world that exists as a result of such a policy as seems to have been adopted with regard to our World's Fair. The imagination necessary to the realization of a great World's Fair will not work as it should work when it is checked in its play on every side by some hard-and-fast dead line in the matter of cost. Too close looking to the cutting of expenses is certain to destroy the larger vision that is so much needed in such a matter as the creation of a great World's Fair.

Conservatism is all right, but conservatism is easily carried to an extreme when applied to art. An achievement in beauty cannot be attained without some sweep of mind. Too much practicality is bad for such an enterprise as the Fair. The dream and the dreamer should be more considered. That the imaginative element in World's Fair direction is denied scope there is abundant evidence. The talk is all of money. There is a tendency to red tapeism in all the mood in which large propositions for the Fair are met. It is the very distinct impression of the editor of this paper that the men who have any inclination to soar are held in some contempt by the element that dominates. Though it seems "wild" to say so, the World's Fair, as most of the leading spirits seem to conceive it, is entirely too much of "a business proposition." We have all noted a subsidence of the early enthusiasm on the proposal to make the Fair an exhibit of life and beauty. The project seems to have taken on an aspect of intense "commercialism," when, if a great Fair should be anything, it should be a splendid insistence upon a protest against commercialism and materialism. The editor of the MIRROR may be mistaken, in fact he hopes he is, on this matter, but he cannot refrain from expressing his conviction as it exists. Hard-headedness is a very good quality in men of affairs, but it is hardly to be considered as a compliment to a high official of the Fair when a man connected with the artistic department points to that official and says, "you don't see any imagination in that face, do you?" We don't want a Fair that will leave us with a deficit. Nor do we want a Fair that will be dull and return us forty per cent on our subscriptions. And if the Fair be dull there will not be any return upon the subscriptions. A dull Fair, a Fair that can be called a copy, a Fair that shall be chiefly remarkable for the smallness of its cost will be a failure in every way. This may be treason. It may be dreaming. But anyone who will look at the proposition in the spirit in which a truly great world-event should be viewed, will come to the conclusion that the protest of this article is only common sense.

The Lady Managers

PEACE reigns among the ladies of the World's Fair Board of Lady Managers, thank Heaven. The story that Mrs. John A. McCall and Miss Helen Gould had snubbed the other members of the Board, by failing to attend a meeting in New York City, after formal invitation, is not true. Miss Gould did not receive the invitation. Neither did Mrs. McCall. The latter lady's invitation, superscribed simply "Mrs. McCall, New York City," was held in the Post Office for days and finally found its way to Mr. McCall's office only after the meeting had been held and the papers had been told of the alleged snub. Mrs. McCall has been unduly humiliated by the notoriety given an imaginary lapse in good manners. The letter to her was sent in a slovenly manner, was not delivered, and she could not attend a meeting about the calling of which she had not been informed. Mrs. McCall is an estimable lady, of fine family, high breeding, many attainments, though not inclined to be a "blue" or raucously "New." She is thoroughly conversant with public affairs, but not at the sacrifice of her home and family interests. She is domestic in her tastes and pays more attention to the rearing of her children, six in number, than to the furore of feminism in its protean forms. She has traveled extensively and has been much interested in church work, but never in any way ostentatiously. She is a type of the intelligent, yet not insistent American gentlewoman and the charming and gracious wife of a business man of the highest, most cultured American type. When such a lady is pilloried in the public prints because of things she was not responsible for and because of gaucheries that her critics were responsible for, the matter is, to say the least, unfortunate. It is no wonder that there should be talk of vacancies in the Board of Lady Managers and it is no wonder that the National Commission should contemplate the mere possibility of such resignations with dismay, since treatment such as has been accorded Mrs. John A. McCall, may

well make it difficult to secure the service of other acceptable ladies in the positions to be vacated. The responsibility for the grievous wrong done both Mrs. McCall and Miss Gould, in this matter, is not located. It may not be necessary that it should be established. Nevertheless, the incident, essentially unpleasant, has been exploited in a manner that only reflects upon women in general. It justifies all the bigoted sneers about women's inability to get along with one another, or to attend to business in a business-like way. If there is to be any more of the sort of mismanagement and lack of discretion, indicated in the episode here discussed, the best thing the National World's Fair Commission can do will be to abolish the Board of Lady Managers. There was no necessity for such a Board anyhow. If there be anything in the woman's progress theory at all, the cause of that progress would have been best served by establishing the rule that women should have place as individuals on the National and local boards and not as women. The Board of Lady Managers is a mistake, even though it be made up of ladies altogether as estimable as the two from New York who have been accused of things of which they were both innocent and ignorant.

Losers

THE British have lost three more battles since the battles they lost just before those three battles. But then the British soldier is such "an absent minded beggar" he'd lose anything.

Francis for President

THE Kansas City *Star* intimates that the Eastern Democracy is almost aflame for David R. Francis as candidate for President. Mr. Francis is, undoubtedly, the most distinguished citizen of Missouri and St. Louis. He is, undoubtedly, an able man and a fascinating personality. He is also a Democrat, but, unfortunately, he is not the sort of a Democrat that the majority of Democrats would support. It is also unfortunate that the Eastern Democrats are not likely to name the next Presidential candidate of their party, while the Western regular Democrats want a man different from the Francis type. It is a fact that most of the men who would most enthusiastically support Mr. Francis for anything in the gift of the people are men whom Democrats do not consider to be Democrats. Between now and the time for nominating a Democrat for President, there may come about conditions that would logically result in Mr. Francis' nomination, but just now the "reorganization" that must be accomplished before such nomination can be possible has progressed only so far as to make it certain that any attempt to nominate a man who bolted Bryan in 1896 would only result in defeating the party. In other words Democratic "reorganization," thus far, has only disorganized the party. In three years something may occur to make a Western gold Democrat available Presidential timber, but now the mention of Mr. Francis, in this connection, in the East, hinders rather than helps him to the consummation of the hope implied in the excellent Kansas City *Star's* article. When Mr. Francis' strength comes from the West he will be a Presidential possibility, and not before. Those who "boost" the handsome and brilliant Missourian as the East's choice are friends from whom he should be protected. Mr. Francis should not be "boomed" too previously. He is too good a man to be killed off in that fashion.

A St. Louis Issue

POLICE authorities, locally, are discussing the advisability of segregating the Social Evil on a reservation far from churches, schools or other public buildings and private residences. There is opposition to the contemplated action. Much of the opposition is honest, but more of it is not. A good deal of the opposition is generated by a Democratic politician who is at war with the President of the Police Board and who, moreover, derives a neat income from the renting of corner buildings to saloonists who thrive on the patronage of the Social Evil. This seems to be another and a very good reason why the better public

sentiment should be with the President of the Police Board and against his wealthy and wily political antagonist. The President of the Police Board in warring upon gambling, in striving to keep the social evil from contaminating the whole town and from being too conspicuous, is warring in the interest of common decency. It is no more unfortunate that the President of the Police Board should be fighting evils sheltered by the influence of his antagonist than that the said antagonist should be so closely identified with all the things upon which a police official is in duty bound to make war. The President of the Police Board is fighting to put the Gambler and the Scarlet Woman out of St. Louis politics. Who will stand up and say that those influences should be kept in politics and temporized with for venal votes?

Great Game

A SEAT on the New York Stock Exchange was sold last Saturday for \$75,000. It's a great game surely when it costs that much to get in. But then the speculative outsider pays that and all the other expenses.

About a Paper

THE St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has moved into new and more spacious quarters, where may it continue to prosper, for, though it may not be a faultless institution, it comes nearer to being an utterly fearless and distinctively independent paper than any other daily in the city. Its fearlessness, is not always or often, recklessness. Its independence is not mere waiting to find how things are going and then go with them. The paper is successful because it has deserved success and because, when all possible fault has been found, it has always been just a little ahead of the times. Other local dailies have their merits, but the *Post-Dispatch* has the distinction of being ever ready to discuss new problems and of never being afraid to attack a wrong that it believes to be a wrong in either great party. The *Post-Dispatch* could be more independent, but for such independence as it has this community is grateful. It could be much less independent than it is and still be infinitely better than any party organ.

The Old Man

CHAUNCEY IVES FILLEY has not been eliminated from National, State or Municipal politics as completely as some of his enemies have thought. He wears a look of gladness, satiated vengeance in his corner, at the St. Louis Club, as he talks about some recent events in Republican political circles. He's not as young as he used to be, but he still has a bushel of brains and a very long memory and a very long arm.

Little.

VERESTCHAGIN, VERITIST.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

WITHIN the week it has been my privilege to look upon more than a hundred paintings by Vasili Verestchagin, the Russian realist, who has for twenty years been the *bete noir* of the academicians, the puzzle of the critics and the delight of the lay picture-lover. The collection now on exhibition in the Chicago Art Museum is chiefly notable on account of a dozen or more great canvases made in the Philippines, where the American in blue and khaki is fighting and dying among jungles and rice-rows in much the same manner, if not with the same motive, as his British cousin in the Transvaal.

Not that I would say these dozen studies of American warfare are better works, or more significant to the world of art, than the great things Verestchagin has already shown, but certainly they give us a new and nearer view both of his effectiveness, technical and conceptive, and of his catholicity in observation and feeling. Nearly every American is familiar with his shako-crowned grenadier, his turbaned Sepoy, the bloody snow of his Russian field hospital, and the shudderful morbidities of those Crimean and Franco-Prussian battlefields that have made him famous and, let us hope, war more infamous.

But his Philippine pictures, coming to America fresh

from the firing line where our own fellows are bushwhacking with Tagals and fever, offer us the first and best opportunity to gauge the Great Russian's breadth and fidelity. Frederic Remington's war pictures, seldom populous or comprehensive, but insistently photographic and, I think, painfully accurate, have been thus far all that we knew of the pictorial soldier of our later history. It has been said that the American soldier is not picturesque and that modern smokeless fights do not appeal to the painter who wants something more than landscapes or thin lines of dirty blue and brown with which to contend. Of course, any comparison between Remington and Verestchagin would be invidious, but by dint of constant and, I doubt not, serious sincerity, that popular painter has contrived to achieve an authoritative standing as the interpreter of American military life. In narrowness, in fidelity, in lack of imagination and feeling and, above all, in that tiresome repetition of one type of man, one type of horse and one tedious manner of handling all subjects, Remington, with his red-necked, hook-nosed, frontier trooper, is almost as wearisome as Gibson with his everlasting American girl.

Now comes the great Russian with an army of soldiers of all branches of our service. If you doubted or puzzled over the characters of his Napoleonic warriors, if you suspected his sincerity in those bold panoramic things upon which his glory grew, in spite of the scholastics, the Philippine canvases will dispel all suspicion. You will know directly that Verestchagin is no studio fakir; you will see that he has not hired one soldier by the week and painted him into squadrons of cavalymen, battalions of infantry and regiments of artillery. In the twelve pictures now on view in the Chicago gallery there are a hundred types of men, all soldiers, all American and all different, just as you would find them in any random congregation of American men.

I would say that the Philippine pictures are less fiercely emotional than any of his previous works. The blood and tears are there. It would not be Verestchagin if you could look long without the tightening heartache, the unwelcome pang of mingled pity and anger. But the poise of conscious power, the repression, the fineness of effect, as contrasted with that harsh haste for climaxes which marked all of his more famous works, are present in the new canvases. Whether the tender, calmer influence of coming age has tamed the blood of the old painter and put some touch of more exquisite sympathy into his brush, or whether the almost imperceptible presence of that sympathy and kindness is the long delayed but inevitable reversion of his methods from the loud, shocking manner of his fierce youth to the tenderer, but not less potent, artistry of maturer years, I cannot guess. But the old note of horror is blended now with a thin but unmistakeable melody of almost winsome tones.

It will illustrate this change to recall the impression left by that mercilessly grand picture, "The Requiem of a Regiment," in which a priest, standing, half smothered, over a field of putrefying dead soldiers, chants the dead-mass, standing bare-headed in the burning, foetid air of a cloudless summer day. A solitary soldier, censer in hand, stands in the foreground, serving the priest. His scarred and hairy face is turned aside, blue at the lips, sweltering, yet cold with the sickness of the foul wind that is blowing out of the vast field which is the grave of his regiment. Beyond, stretching from almost the middle foreground, swollen and distorted, pecked by vultures and staring from the yellow stubble at the brazen sun, the dead lie in hideous rows. Now in that picture there is not an echo of joy. The very words *requiescat in pace* muttered by the priest, seem a mockery and a vanity in the repulsive scene. The blue of the sky is harsh and heated with brassy, wavering streaks of sunshine. The very field looks hatefully dusty and dreary with its awful load. There is not a wild-flower nor a weed in bloom, not a cloud to throw a mourning shadow kindly. Not a green thing to cool the fierce, feverish atrocity of the scene. Even the soldier acolyte looks wretchedly ignoble in his vain trappings of red and gilt. There is not a trumpet, not a hint of the glory of

The Mirror

THE CARDWELL CASE.

BY BEN TROVATO.

battle, not even the paltry mercy of a kind arrangement of the spots. The composition, like the concept and handling of the monstrous whole, is insolently harsh, cruel and repellant.

"The Battle of Santa Anna," of the new group, will serve in contrast. It shows a wide plain in which the American artillery is hotly engaged with a body of entrenched Tagals. In the right foreground is a section of light artillery magnificently disposed, inspiring posed. The bugle note of martial glory rings across from the middle distance where a group of mounted officers flash dimly through the intervening smoke. The composition is balanced and enhanced by a patch of scrub brush, the edge of a jungle in the left foreground. The scorching effect of the tropical battleground, arched with a sunny sky, is diminished and cooled by the lush greens of the thicket. You are pleased and thrilled and then—

Why, then you listen for the requiem tone, you look for the gaping wounds and shattered limbs, for the blood and tears. And in the dim, cool shadow of the under-brush you will see two blanket-covered "heroes." A purple, dead hand protrudes from the edge of the coverlet, the feet of the dead show stiff and stark where a prying ray of sunlight slants into the shade. You cannot evade the almost hesitating pathos of that corner, but it is so uninsistent, so furtive and yet so convincingly sincere that its realization becomes a sad delight and not a horror that hurts.

"You are hit, Sergeant?" "Yes sir." is the descriptive title of a figure study that needs no description, for the bloody bandage, dragging from under the weather-stained campaign hat, shows that the soldier is hurt. The sergeant, mounted on a typically American cavalry charger, faces you at salute. He is young, hardened, stained with the mud and sand of the rice-fields. The modelling of man and horse is nobly perfect, even for the great Russian. The questioning officer who asks, "You are hit, Sergeant?" is not in the picture, but an imagined character in the viewer's place. It is a happy conception, for the effect is as if you were looking into the patient, feverish and yet hopeful eyes of the wounded American.

The new pictures have all that quality of suggested tenderness and hope which, I always thought, were absent from the older works of Verestchagin. The evidence of study and infinite painstaking are as strong as ever. The note of sorrow is in them all, as of old, but it no longer dominates, smothers everything. There is in them all a pleasure subtler and more lasting than the joy of bold and vivid drawing, splendid color and merciless magnificence which always came from the contemplation of the great Russian's work. "The Battle of Zapote," where Lawton fell, is eminently the best example of the artist's new advance in composition. It is scarcely as characteristic in coloring as "Santa Anna," nor yet as inspiring in treatment, but the arrangement of figures and tones, the luminosity in shadows and, above all, the expression of poise and repression in the whole, mark it as the most striking example of the old genius' mounting yet mellowing art.

SANTA CLAUS.

BY LITTE.

SOME superior persons are agitating for the discouragement of the propagation of the fiction of Santa Claus. Those who think that to talk or write of him for children inculcates false ideas are utterly foolish. There never was a child who was hurt by believing in Santa Claus, or who, when disillusionized on the subject, was disillusionized to his or her hurt. When Santa Claus vanishes a better ideal takes his place. To shriek that Santa Claus talk is a lie and a false concept, is simply to be absurd. Those superior persons are of the type that insists upon giving children the truth about the arrival of babies, and in filling the child mind with hideous physiological facts. They would make childhood a horror. Let childhood have its illusions. They are the best things life gives, and the longer they cling to us the better we are.

ALL Missouri is talking of the Cardwell case, its revelations, its sudden stoppage by plaintiff Cardwell for "a dignified sum."

Cardwell intimated that there was a ring of Democratic Central Committeemen and State officials acting as lobbyists for corporations that contributed to Democratic campaign funds. Secretary of State S. B. Cook wrote, or said, that he was a liar. The *Republic* printed Cook's statement. Cardwell sued for libel. Depositions were taken and the substantial truth of Cardwell's speech was proved. An adjournment was taken to secure the presence of State Committee Chairman Seibert at the depositions, that he might be examined. The case was dismissed suddenly by Cardwell who said a man named Brown paid him "a dignified sum" as damages. No one seems to know who is Brown. The case is a mystery.

This is the explanation that is current in certain quarters at Jefferson City:

W. H. Phelps is State lobbyist for the Missouri Pacific railroad. John H. Carroll is lobbyist for the Burlington railroad. They are nearly equal in pull. They became rivals after long working together. Phelps wanted to defeat W. J. Stone for Senator, with S. H. Priest. Carroll wanted to elect Gov. Francis Senator, if Stone had to be defeated. Governor Dockery sided with Carroll rather than Phelps, though sticking, ostensibly, to Stone. Ex-Governor Stephens sided with Phelps against Dockery and Stone. Phelps saw, or thought he saw, the State administration machine going against him. He was, as he thought, in danger of losing his power, possibly his place, with the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Phelps wrote the Cardwell speech that provoked Cook's reply and then Phelps started the deposition mill grinding to smirch the administration. He succeeded measurably. He was going to put State Chairman Seibert on the stand to drag out of him all he knew of the collection of funds from corporations. Seibert and Dockery knew that Phelps knew the facts.

The Governor, or his friends, got into communication with Phelps. Phelps said he was going ahead and that he would, smash the administration if it persisted in an alliance with Carroll. Phelps would be boss or nothing. He would expose the party's methods relentlessly. He would destroy, not only Stone, but Dockery and all his crowd.

To save the party, if not themselves, Dockery, or his friends, capitulated to Phelps at once. He is to be the boss undisturbed and undisputed. The Dockery crowd will hereafter do business through Phelps. Carroll is to be side-tracked.

Phelps was mollified by the submission of the Dockery forces and a man was sent from St. Louis to Kansas City to see Cardwell and choke him off. The man Brown gave Cardwell \$500—not \$5,500—and the case was dropped.

Phelps is the ruler of the party machinery of the Democracy. He is also high in the councils of Missouri Republicanism. He will play the middle, Phelps, against both ends. He will do well in a business way, undoubtedly. He has put the Democracy in a hole. The Democracy looks to him to help it out. He will do it, unless there is more money on the Republican side of the house.

The Administration organ is shrieking about the lobby. That doesn't hurt Phelps. It merely advertises his business, tells how good he is, for the benefit of those who may need him in their business. It eclipses Mr. Carroll's lobbyist distinction.

But the howl against the lobby doesn't deceive anyone. Its existence was known. The issue can't be deflected to the lobby. The Cardwell charge was that the Democratic organization was retained for the corporations, the inference of the evidence being that corporation contributions to campaign funds were taken by leaders of the organization and members of the official family as personal fees for services in protecting corporations from legislation. Buying off Cardwell was a confession of the guilt of the accused. If

this story be true, then Phelps has bought the whole Democratic machine, including control of the Legislature and dictation of the next Senatorship for \$500—hardly "a dignified sum."

CAPITAL NEWS NOTES.

BY ASBESTOS.

Roosevelt Plays Politics

THE retirement of Postmaster-General Smith from the Cabinet and the appointment of Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, to that position, by the President, are significant of several things that may have a far-reaching effect on the politics of the country and the policies of this administration. It demonstrates very clearly that the young President is a level-headed politician and that he is giving the old ones something to think of in the game of politics. Henry C. Payne is recognized as one of the shrewdest organizers in the country. He has been Hanna's right hand man in the two campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Hanna was building up a strong Hanna organization and he felt safe with Payne sitting at his right hand. Roosevelt snatches him from the Hanna camp and places him within his own where his political acumen can be utilized to build up a Roosevelt organization, and Hanna men no longer doubt that there is a Roosevelt organization in the process of construction and it is being built horse high and hog tight. Another significant fact is that Mr. Payne has been the one earnest advocate of the reduction of the Congressional representation from the South, from all those States that have disfranchised the negro by the so-called educational clause in their Constitutions, also a reduction in the State delegations to Republican National Conventions. Mr. McKinley frowned on this proposition. The action of Mr. Roosevelt would suggest that he is not corrugating his brow over the matter. The chances are, therefore, that the Crumpacker bill, reducing representation in the South, will pass at this session of Congress.

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Missouri's Own Cockrell

ONE thing that strikes the observer of things Congressional here is the manifest weakness of State delegations, as delegations, in this Congress. There are sporadic cases of intellectual illumination in many delegations, but to take them as a whole, they are nearly all pitifully weak. The three strong delegations in Congress, taken as a whole, are the Iowa, the Missouri and the Texas delegations. Of course, there are weak men in all of them, but the majority of the men on them are strong men who wield an influence in the affairs of the Nation. Take the Missouri delegation, for instance. The first man on that delegation, to name them in the order of their power to do things here, easily is the venerable Senator Cockrell. Next to Senator Allison, of Iowa, the father of the Senate and the Chairman of the Senate committee on appropriations, Senator Cockrell is the most powerful man in Congress. Everybody knows that he is as honest as Paul and his absolute incorruptibility places him on a pinnacle where lobbyists and legislation promoters gaze at him in wistful despair. No man ever dared approach him with an unworthy project, and his endorsement of anything is a guarantee of its usefulness, its honesty and its worthiness. His word goes at par with every man in the Senate regardless of politics. He is a man of infinite detail, has always been an incessant worker and goes to the bottom of everything that is introduced in Congress. Therefore, whenever he makes a statement concerning anything before the Senate no man ever thinks of questioning it. All these things account for his prestige and his power in the Senate. The President knows and appreciates his power in the Senate and entertains for him the highest regard. It is that regard felt by one honest nature for another, the knowledge that each can rely on the other if the necessity should arise. Senator Cockrell entertains for the President a sincere regard and warm friendship and, if the President should ever need his services in case of a Senatorial combination against the

White House, he could get them and they would be the best he could command in the Senate. The fact that the President looks to Senator Cockrell for friendly aid in case he should become embroiled with certain factions in the Senate was evidenced a short time ago. The President was then contemplating turning down Mr. Kerens' man for the Surveyorship of St. Louis. When he had made up his mind to do so and another man was suggested, the President told an anti-Kerens worker to go at once to Senator Cockrell and find out how he stood on the appointment of this other man, and if he was satisfactory to him. The President was then preparing to obtain the aid of Senator Cockrell in the event that Kerens should bring in his friends, Hanna and Elkins, to hold up the confirmation of the President's appointee. They could not stand against the word of Cockrell for one instant and this the President knows well. If the President ever needs a friend in the Senate it is a safe prediction that he will call on Cockrell and he will not call in vain. Senator Cockrell possesses a memory that resembles a tar bucket, in that everything that gets into it sticks. He never forgets to answer a letter, and he never forgets where he has placed a scrap of paper that he may want to use in future. Enter his working den at his home in this city and ask him a question about anything that compels him to hunt for a document. When he gets up, take a casual glance around the room and you see, piled up on shelves, hundreds of bundles, tied with a tow string and envelopes filled with papers and covered with dust. You immediately come to the conclusion that he will never be able, in all that endless confusion of papers, to find what you want. On the contrary he puts his hand on the desired document in less than a minute and gives you the information that it would have caused you the loss of a week's time to get elsewhere. Senator Cockrell has never attempted to play the orator in the Senate. He has left that for his brilliant colleague. When he has anything to say, however, he is listened to with the profoundest attention. He simply possesses the genius of *do*, and he has done more things for Missouri than any other one man who has ever entered Congress from that State. Everybody knows that he saved the World's Fair bill from defeat last year. He exemplifies in his personality, his present standing in the Senate, the wisdom of keeping a good man in public life so long as he is useful; and if he is useful at all, the longer he remains the more useful he will become. Senator Cockrell is not strong on personal pulchritude. When he sits in the Senate listening to a debate he reminds one of some old farmer just in from a log-rolling or a corn shucking to attend an old settler's meeting. He wears an old, shiny black coat that sags in front and hikes up behind. He wears boots and high-water pants, *a la* Uncle Sam, and an old, black slouch hat. His *tout ensemble* lacks a whole lot of being a sartorial ideal. With the exception of a touch of the rheumatism this fall, however, his health is good and the chances are that he will die in the harness. His face has not that seamy, parchment, pallid look of senility. It is fresh and of good color and his eyes are bright and clear. The only indication that age has come upon him is the whiteness of his hair and beard and the scraggly condition of the latter. He will live out his term and run for another.

The Little Giant

SENATOR GEORGE GRAHAM VEST is, to-day, evidence of the immortality of the soul. The same brilliant mind, that in the old days electrified the Senate, still lives. The intellectual spark is still as bright, but it inhabits what is practically a dead body. It is pitiful to see him totter across the Senate chamber and along the Senate corridor on his skeleton limbs, but when he is aroused to action and stands holding to his desk for support, the voice that used to ring out strong and true, takes on some of the cadences of the past and soon the Senate is paying profound attention to the greatest orator that Missouri ever sent to the Senate of the United States. Senator Vest's strong individuality still impresses itself on the Senate and he still is a power in that body. He commands the profound re-

spect of every member of that body and the warm admiration and close personal friendship of many. He has been a dreamer, a man of moods all his life. When in that mental condition it is dangerous to approach him. When he unbends, however, and seeks human companionship, he is the most delightful company in the Senate. When he begins spinning yarns he can empty the Democratic side of the Senate and fill a cloak room at any time, and when he rises to speak on any subject that has attracted the attention of the country he can fill the press gallery, which is the greatest compliment any man can have in Congress. When the day comes, in the not distant future, that Senator Vest passes away, Missouri will have lost one of the team that has been the greatest and the strongest in the history of the Senate.

WASHINGTON, December 20th.

KUBELIK.

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

JAN KUBELIK made seven distinct little bows before his New York audience, on the night of Dec. 2nd, after his first recall. But the bows were all the audience got for their applause, for the lad appeared indifferent to shouting and clapping, most of which was done by people who knew as much of the fiddle as they did of the smart little fiddler himself.

Society turned out *en masse* to fill the boxes. Gentiles and Jews trod on one another's toes to obtain standing room in the rear; and from a negro who occupied a prominent place in the front, to the diminutive countrymen of Kubelik himself, who flattened themselves against the folding doors, Carnegie Hall was filled with breathless humanity waiting to be thrilled by the much advertised violinist. The thrill never came. After an unsatisfactory rendering of the overture from "Der Freischuetz," Kubelik made his appearance. Beneath a thatch of coal-black hair, two black points made a white face doubly prominent, the diminutiveness of his limbs and the tails of his evening dress coat making him look for all the world like a little rooster, conscious of its ability to crow, yet half afraid to make the venture.

The orchestra teased us with the opening of Paganini's concerto in D major, and presently the violinist, whose face had recovered its accustomed negative color, lifted his bow—and again we awaited the thrill. Several distinct discords, the slurring of several notes in the lower positions, a too muscular handling of the bow (due, perhaps, to nervousness) and a masterly attack of the notes in the higher positions—these things were apparent in the first five minutes of Kubelik's playing.

When he had fairly warmed to his work, and commenced the swaying motion peculiar to those who are full of all kinds of inspiration, his work in the higher positions (barring the fault of exhibiting too much wrist-strength) became even more praiseworthy. His technique revealed itself, but it was painfully apparent that he had no "soul." Double stopping was rendered with ease and exactitude; but he attacked everything like a machine, and it is doubtful whether the rendition of any one passage lingers in the memory of those who strove to overcome their *ennui* by applauding when and what they could.

In his second number, Spohr's Concerto No. 8, full opportunity was given him to prove his ability to "thrill," but here, again, we were disappointed. Occasionally a lyric touch manifested itself in his bow work, but, generally speaking, it was the work of a well-trained juvenile, playing a piece by heart without giving any thought to expression or modulation of tone. As an encore, Schumann's "Traumerel" also failed fully to satisfy, although some decidedly brilliant work was done in certain passages of Wieniawski's masterpiece—the Carnival Russe.

Jan Kubelik is young; barely twenty-two. At that age one is fond of the G string, and, if used properly, it is always effective. But until he is older, until he "arrives," until he suffers and learns how to reach our hearts through

the fellowship that comes of sorrow, he can never be considered a truly great violinist—newspaper advertising and the puffing of advance agents to the contrary.

THE COPPER CROOKS.

BY A. F. REUTH.

THESE are certainly great days in speculation. Wall street is falling from one excitement into another. If it is not a new railroad combination of gigantic proportions, it must be something else of an equally or even more sensational nature to whoop things up and relieve the monotony of proceedings. Variety is, proverbially, the spice of life. There is nothing like change, a "new shudder," a new fashion, a new excitement. The speculator feels that way. A prolonged rise in values ends in a jaded state of spirits, and so will a protracted fall in values.

And they got a change a few days ago. The change was not very beneficial to a good many devotees of fickle luck. It was too expensive for the many, although very profitable and exhilarating for the few. It was a great game. Judging by the size of the results, the originators of the game must have been very astute and very prominent. This does not mean, however, that they were very honest. On the contrary, they were thievish knaves, giving us an exhibition of the methods of the highwayman in refined form. Of course, they made use of actual conditions to perpetrate their misdeed, and make it a complete success. It was both a complete and a howling success. The howling emanated from the victims who were being held up in the most up-to-date style. As the end of the game approached, the noise and howling subsided, and the stillness of the grave supervened. The unfortunate victims had ceased to struggle and to defend themselves; they knew that it was absolutely useless, and that they had to "cough up."

One of the most obstreperous of the kickers was Thos. W. Lawson, of Boston. His talk was awfully loud and persistent. For a time it looked as if he could not be downed. He voiced his utterances in his usually vapid, long-winded style. Of course everybody laughed, that is to say, everybody who was entitled to laugh. There were many who felt like crying. But Lawson continued; he voiced his grief and wrath in endless talk, which is, undoubtedly, worse than crying in silence. Lawson has solved the wonderful problem of saying nothing in a multitude of words. He talked and talked until everybody closed their ears. When he had his say and found that it made as much impression as water thrown upon the back of a duck, he shut up very suddenly, and announced that he would enter the contest for the dog-championship. Let us hope that he, or rather his dogs, will win it. Poor, old Lawson. He has ceased to bray; his epics on Wall street and its methods will no longer delight us. It is quite a loss to the world, indeed it is. There was only one Lawson. Yet, come to think of it, let us have no more Lawsons. One was enough.

Everybody in Wall street is now wondering what is going to happen next. The copper kings have made their pile, and are dreaming of new conquests and new victims. Their appetite grows by what it feeds on. They have played with marvellous "nerve" and persistent luck and are anxious to try again. It is hard to say what the next sensation will be. It is to their interest that nobody shall find out beforehand. The greater the secret, the more profits there will be. And they call this "legitimate speculation." The stock exchange and the transactions made upon it are protected by the law of the land.

A few days ago, three light-weights were sent to the penitentiary, because they had conspired to depress the value of Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock. Their crime consisted in not doing things properly. They should have conducted their operations in a more open, more outrageous and more interesting manner. They should have kept the public informed of their intentions and methods.

Besides this, they were exceedingly foolish and clumsy in their work. They did not accumulate enough pelf; they did not rob as many as they should have robbed. They were quacks.

But the copper kings were smarter. They made millions, they robbed thousands and thousands of stockholders throughout the length and breadth of God's own country. Their statements and operations were conducted within full view of the public. They had an experienced *impressario*, who reduced advertising to a fine art. The copper kings were perfectly straightforward in everything; they concealed nothing. As soon as the game commenced, everybody with eyes to see and sense to understand realized what was coming and what the end would be. Nobody could hint at *suggestio falsi*, or *suppressio veri*. And the law sanctions frankness, and the law, you know, or ought to know, is the perfection of reason *par excellence*. And the law, in matters of this kind, says, or seems to say: "While you are at it, in Wall street, make as much as you can; don't be modest, and let honesty go hang. Make a clean job of it. The more you get out of it, the less chance there will be of your getting punished. Your safety lies in success and big profits. Small profits will condemn you."

Wall street is a great institution, and its methods are delightful. They are so simple, you know, so nonchalant, so fetching. And, then, Wall street furnishes so many entertaining diversions. They are entertaining, because you think they are always new. But they are not new. Wall street always does the same old thing, in different ways. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*



WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

BY MARGARET BIDDLE.

SINCE Colorado gave suffrage to women, Denver has been appropriating, year by year, larger and larger sums for education. At present it spends more upon the maintenance of its public schools, per capita of the population, than most of the bigger and richer cities of the United States.

Last year Denver spent \$4.69 per capita on school maintenance alone, besides a large additional sum for the building of new school houses. Out of the 135 cities in the United States that have a population of more than 30,000 persons, 128 spend less per capita on their public schools than Denver. Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker has a brother who is a teacher in Colorado. She reports him as saying that before women got full suffrage it was very hard to secure adequate school appropriations, but that now, whenever anything is needed for the schools, it is obtained with comparative ease. This recalls the answer given by Theodore Roosevelt, a few years ago, upon being asked why he had recommended woman suffrage in his message to the New York Legislature. He said that in his home town of Oyster Bay there had long been great need of a new school house, but all efforts to secure one failed until the mothers were given the right to vote on the question; then they voted the new school house at once. Mr. Edward Atkinson says along this line:

"In recent studies of the race problem, my attention has also been called to the proportion of the literate and illiterate in several sections of the country and to the lack or adequacy of common school instruction. In the States in which violence, lynching and the denial of human rights exist, we find the maximum of ignorance and illiteracy among whites as well as blacks. This is coupled with the lowest ratable expenditure for common schools. The only sure remedy for these wrongs is in the extension of the common schools by which the rest of the country has been redeemed and partially civilized. Now, who have been the principal agents in laying the foundations of good government in these common schools? The true standing army upon whom rests the safety of this Nation consists of the four hundred and odd thousand teachers in our common schools; seventy per cent. women, thirty per cent.

men. If women may rightly be charged with the duty of preparing voters to vote with intelligence in the ratio of two to one, cannot they be trusted to vote themselves on equal terms with those whom they themselves have instructed?"



THE REIGN OF PERJURY.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

THE papers report that several of the officials of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York, are charged with the crime of perjury. It goes without saying, however, that the public will take very little interest in the matter. And yet perjury is a very heinous, execrable offense, one that aims at the very foundations of justice, and that affects the rights of person and property most materially. The laws of every State in the Union prescribe a more or less severe punishment for it. Everybody is of the opinion that it should be exterminated, but the crime is spreading every year. It has become an everyday occurrence in our civil and criminal courts, so common that it ceases to shock, or to attract special attention. Judicial statistics prove that there is hardly any offense that is more frequently committed than that of perjury. Judges and lawyers know this so well that they have become hardened to it. An experienced judge can, in many cases, detect the criminal in the very act of perjuring himself, yet is powerless to take the initiative in bringing him before the bar of justice.

This abominable offense is especially frequent in damage cases. Both sides will resort to it, without fear of consequences, or compunction of conscience, when circumstances are thought to require it. The shysters and pettifoggers will instruct witnesses to swear to anything. They find them very easily, too. There are lots of people nowadays who consider it great fun to fool a lawyer or jury. There is many a litigant who prides himself, after having committed, or been an accessory to, perjury, on his smartness.

Of course, the witness that perjures himself is, as a rule, easily caught. He will nearly always contradict himself in cross-examination and make a desperate effort to "save his face" by assuming a stubborn attitude. It takes an expert of the best sort to evade the fire of searching, rapid questions propounded by an examiner with a thorough knowledge of human nature. While the perjurer is thus easily detected, it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to convict him. Courts and juries are disposed to be lenient with this class of offenders, and, as the law of evidence provides that perjury can only be committed in swearing falsely and corruptly to a material point in issue in a case, there is always some loop-hole left through which the offender may escape. Juries are loth to convict the perjurer, if the consequences of his crime are not very serious, or if he can advance some excuse, however lame.

One of the reasons why the responsibilities of taking an oath are so little appreciated and perjury is so common, is that there are too many oaths taken. This is the view taken by experienced authorities, and was advanced in an address delivered recently before the Iowa Bar Association and printed in the *American Law Review*. The administering of oaths should be restricted to courts proper, and should be abolished in connection with the custom-house, general government affairs, etc. By limiting the number, the sanctity of oaths will be increased. Then, the manner of administering should be more solemn and impressive. The slovenly manner in which oaths are administered, as a rule, is certainly disgusting; it is not calculated to inspire fear of the penal consequences of perjury, much less of the prospects of retribution in the hereafter. If religion is becoming less of a moral restraint in modern times, then more attention should be paid to secular influences, and to the restraints and punishments provided by positive laws.

Courts can do a great deal towards increasing respect for the law. If they were to insist upon due solemnity in taking an oath, witnesses would undoubtedly be more im-

pressed with what Grover Cleveland used to call "a solemn sense of responsibility," with the duty of telling the truth. How careless is the present way of administering an oath in a court of justice! The clerk tells you to hold up your hand and then mumbles some words in an unknown language which are presumed to have some reference to an oath of some kind. In most cases you do not know what the fellow is talking about, yet you hold up your hand in an obliging, good-natured way, or, if you are in bad humor, you look bored at such an unnecessary, obsolete formality. If you are about to testify, the oath has scarcely any influence on you. You have already made up your mind as to what you are going to say, and are resolved to make it "hot" for the opposing lawyer. While you are submitting to the ordeal and lift up your hand, somebody behind you cracks the latest joke about town, and you have a hard time keeping your face straight. The jurors are yawning in their seats; the judge looks tired and disgusted and the deputy-sheriff is flirting with a pretty girl in the audience. Nobody takes any interest in you and your oath, so what is the use of being very strict about the truth?



ROOSEVELT AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

[Appended is an article from the London *Spectator* which gives an estimate of President Roosevelt and an appreciation of his philosophy which seem to be eminently just. It is, moreover, a valuable sermon to all reformers. It illustrates just in what way the President purposes combining in his work the efforts of the reformer and the adaptability of the practical, or, if you will, the professional politician. Seldom, indeed, does there emanate from England any such a comprehensively sound utterance upon American leaders, affairs and conditions. The article below is what the editor of the *MIRROR*—and, perhaps, many others—oft has thought but ne'er so well expressed.]



IT IS a trite remark, we fear, that heroism may belong as much to the faithful daily performance of laborious civil duties as to the more conspicuous deeds of the battlefield. We are sorry that it is trite, because it happens to be important. If this truth were not so unattractive to the multitude, as it happens to be, we might find it being remarked upon in the streets, announced on newspaper placards, and celebrated in music-hall songs. There might be public emulation in civic heroism, and those who distinguished themselves by conspicuous municipal gallantry might be as popular as successful generals. But the fact is that civic heroism falls a little flat; the best of good citizens cannot compete for a popular reputation with a soldier. It is a dull, unimaginative world, no doubt, and the dullness and the want of imagination are solely to blame; but the fact is notoriously as we have put it, and for many reasons we cannot pretend to be very deeply censorious. But in these circumstances one is always heartily glad of an incident which helps to cheer up the dullness that invests an important but neglected truth. Such an incident is the publication in the *New Liberal Review* of the inspiring article by President Roosevelt called "The Citizen and the Public Man,"—an article which shows as clearly as even the Message just sent to Congress the character and aims of the President.

What sort of man has the best chance of being listened to when he calls on men to charge in the cause of civic righteousness? Surely the man who has captivated the fancy of the world by achievements in the other kind of heroism. Ethically, perhaps, he ought to have no better chance than any other man, but actually we all know quite well that he has, and it were foolish not to acquiesce in a fact that can be employed to so much advantage. President Roosevelt, who organized the "Rough-Riders" in the American-Spanish War and led them in their charge up the hill of San Juan, outside Santiago de Cuba, will be attended to now when he praises the moral courage necessary to good citizenship, even though the praise be delivered without pomp or flourishes in the form of what we might call a lay sermon. And we venture to say that if Mr. Roosevelt continues to do his high work in the spirit which inspires this remarkable sermon, he will prove to be the most sweetening influence in the whole lump of

American civic life that has been known for many years. Not only has he a better chance of doing all this than any other man, but there is no one who has so good a right to do it as the man who cleansed the system of the New York Police. That was an achievement of hard work as well as of courage. We must not exaggerate, but we judge that if Mr. Roosevelt had to clean out an Augean stable he would not turn a river into it, but would do the job by hard shovelling. Better than that, he would inspire others to help in the shovelling, and by that very task they would find that they had become more confident, more self-respecting, and more courageous citizens.

The whole of Mr. Roosevelt's article may be summarized in a sentence. In order to be a good citizen you must have three qualities and an accomplishment; the qualities are honesty, courage, and common-sense, and the accomplishment is some knowledge of history. The more we have examined this statement the more we are inclined to admit that it is complete. Each quality controls and regulates the others; it holds them in their places, and is itself made perfect and kept in its own place by them, just as though it were a piece in a mosaic. Let us test one of these qualities by the side of the others. Let us take common-sense. Common-sense tells the citizen exactly what he may hope to achieve in the way of legislation. He may not be satisfied with his hopes—if he is a good citizen he will probably not be satisfied—but common-sense requires that he should get what he can, rather than that he should stake all at the risk of losing all. Mr. Roosevelt quotes the methods of those who made the American Constitution. "They were not fools; and therefore they did not insist upon an impossible best. They were not knaves; and therefore they did not insist upon the impracticable best." Not knaves! It is a strong word to use of men whose crime is that they are visionaries. We may not care to go so far as this ourselves, but we confess that the word hits a truth which needs expression. If there is not knavery in the visionary or faddist, is there not at least a certain mixture of egoism, vanity, and inadaptability which is vastly expensive to the community? Successful politics might be defined as a continual consenting to put up with second-best courses; but those whom Mr. Roosevelt calls knaves sacrifice the possible and the useful to something that would no doubt be more useful if it were possible. They make the common good secondary to their prepossessions, or rather, let us say, to the personal gratification of preserving those prepossessions, for the prepossessions may be admirable in themselves. Thus we may look on two pictures: the picture, on the one hand, of the man who consents to be defamed as half-hearted or cowardly while he is actually accomplishing something; and the picture, on the other hand, of the man who saves his own soul by the thoroughness and righteousness of his principles, but meanwhile does nothing to help in saving the soul of anyone else in the world.

"But," it may be said at this point, "you are making excuses for half-heartedness. If you do that it will not be long before half-heartedness is itself exalted into a virtue as worth cultivating for itself." Not a bit of it,—to use a phrase which seems to be a favorite with Mr. Roosevelt. Now we begin to see how the mosaic is pieced together. Common-sense must be inspired by Courage. Courage will always be urging the laggard, Common-sense, forward; Common-sense, for its part, will always be making Courage discreet. And when there is a question between them as to whether they ought to tell the onlookers that they can reach a certain point, Honesty will decide it. These three virtues are a memorable trinity; they are to civic endeavor what Faith, Hope and Charity are to Christianity. To put our test in a different way, we might say that it is good that we should add ever so little to the extension of a right principle, but it is not good that we should add less than we possibly can. We must recognize that in the political, and therefore in the civic life, two and two frequently do not make four. We must not wait for those rare occasions which are the only ones on which Mr. Roosevelt's "knaves" will consent to go forward,—those occasions when two and two

forsake their habit of making only three, or two and a half, or some number other than four.

But can real courage permit itself to be sufficiently restrained by common-sense? It is a nice question; and since we began with a parallel between military and civil virtue—to use the word in its Latin sense—we may say here that this is one of the very points which lie at the bottom of the question whether the British officer has in him the mental materials which make an intelligent soldier. Can you eliminate the symptoms of courage—recklessness, for example—which are really grave disadvantages without injuring the quality of courage itself? Or if you have the quality, must you put up with its symptoms? For our own part, we believe that the perfect combination is not only attainable, but is often attained. We need look no further than this article by Mr. Roosevelt for the proof. If the combination is difficult of achievement, that simply means that good citizenship is not an idle virtue. If there were no difficulty there would be no heroism.

Courage is the last virtue which Mr. Roosevelt shows signs of lacking. His civic courage is a consuming fire. "You must feel in you," he says, "a fiery wrath against evil. When you see a wrong, instead of feeling shocked and hurt, and a desire to go home"—is not this a characteristically telling American phrase?—"and a wish that right prevailed"—as though you were an impotent Greek chorus with pious wishes for all your politics!—"you should go out and fight till that wrong is overcome." Later he says: "Thou shalt tell the truth, and thou shalt tell it just as much on the stump as in the pulpit." In this brief article one sees a man with the inflexible moral rigor of a Cromwell. One sees that the successful soldiering was not, after all, his bent, but only a particular manifestation of his general thoroughness. It was an accident. This moral crusading is every bit as much part of him and as much to his liking. Mr. Roosevelt is, we are convinced, going to play a great part and a good part. In the war he commanded the admiration of every young American who respects bravery; and if young Americans are like the rising generations of other countries, he can now lead them with his finger. If in his slashing, dramatic way he makes them find some romance and heroism in what he calls "the ordinary, humdrum, common virtues," we can only say that he will do one of the most difficult things in the world and one of the things best worth doing.

DO ACTORS WORK?

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

THE eminent lawyer so amusingly drawn in Mr. Reginald Turner's novel, "Cynthia's Damages," describes his histrionic client as "a young lady who, by indomitable courage and application, has become a leading light in a most hard-working profession." This notion of stage life is not confined to lawyers. There is a quite general impression that to be a mime is to follow a frightfully arduous calling. As most mimes (say nine in ten of them) are almost always out of work, this impression seems to be rather false. Setting aside the submerged nine-tenths, let me inquire whether the buoyant tenth leads quite so laborious a life as we suppose.

Let me take, first of all, a cursory glance at other professions. I see the "man of business" leaving his home after an early breakfast and returning to it only for a late dinner. Half of one of the intervening hours he devotes to his lunch. Throughout the rest he is at work in his office. I see the civil servant at his desk from ten or eleven A. M. till five or six P. M. (Against his brief interval for lunch must usually be set a whole evening devoted to literary work.) I see the clergyman going his perpetual round between Matins and Evensong. All day long I hear the naval officer shouting his orders from the quarter-deck, in the intervals of "cramming" for some imminent examination, and the barrister pleading for clients whose affairs he has mastered through prodigal expenditure of midnight-oil. The doctor's bell may be

set clanging at any hour of the night, and out of bed must the doctor stumble forth into the night, to pit his skill against Death's. Never, while light lasts in the heavens, will the jealous painter spare one moment from his canvas. From the sculptor's hand the chisel drops not till . . . But enough of my cursory glance. I need not labor my point that most professions are worked at from morning to night without much cessation. In point of hard work, how do they compare with the peculiar profession of acting.

The average play lasts from eight to eleven. A mime who appears both in the first and in the last act must reach the theatre at, say, half-past seven, in order to change his clothes and paint his face. Having removed the paint and resumed mufti, he leaves the theatre at, say, half-past eleven. Suppose that the distance between his home and the theatre is a distance of half an hour. We then credit him with a working-day of four hours. Suppose that there is a matinee both on Wednesday and on Saturday. We then credit him with working for eight hours on two days in the week. But really we are too generous. The two hours spent by him in going backwards and forwards come rather under the head of healthy exercise than of actual labor. And in the three hours of the play's duration he is not working all the time. Deducting time for entr'acts, we find that a play lasts rather less than two and a half hours. We assume, too, that an actor who is not playing "lead" is not actually on the stage for more than half an hour altogether. During the greater part of the performance he is lounging at the "wings," or in the green-room, or in his dressing-room. So that the averagely successful mime is not actually practising his art for more than four hours in the course of the week.

"But," you interject, "how about 'study'?" And rehearsals? True, I had forgotten them. But there is not nearly so much of them as there used to be. One must allow for the long-run system. In the old stock-companies there were, perhaps, daily rehearsals. But in the modern touring-company, which sets out on a wide nomad with but one play to bless itself with, there is, after the outset, no rehearsing at all. And I suppose that the London theatres have between them a yearly average of four productions apiece. Assuming that the average play is rehearsed for three weeks, and that the average length of every rehearsal is three hours, we find that the averagely successful mime puts in yearly, some two hundred and sixteen hours of preliminary work. But we bring it down with a rush from that not very stupendous total, when we remember that only during one small part of every rehearsal is he himself rehearsing. Say that he himself is on the stage for three-quarters of an hour. That leaves fifty-four hours as his yearly average. I do not, judging by results, imagine that to actual "study" he devotes much more time than is required for learning his words by heart. Let us suppose, charitably, that he *thinks about* a new part for two hours altogether. That brings up his yearly average for extra work to sixty-two hours. I have not the patience to work out from my previous calculations his yearly average of hours of actual work before the public, and to collate this total, plus sixty-two, with the yearly average of hours spent in work by the doctors, sailors, lawyers, financiers, painters and other unfortunates. But I have said enough, surely, to gladden the hearts and stiffen the backs of all those stage-struck girls and stage-struck boys who are being checked in their aspirations by their parents' solemn warning that the stage means very hard work.

Let me carry encouragement a step further for them. In considering the exigency of any profession, one must take account not merely of the number of hours that must be devoted to work in the course of the year, but also of the degree of vital energy—force of body, force of intellect, force of emotion—which, in every hour, it absorbs from you. Now, to be a great actor, you must have these three forces in a high degree. Unless you are physically strong you cannot get through the performance of such a part as *Hamlet*, for example, without showing obvious signs of fatigue. You cannot, moreover, give a worthy rendering of that part unless you have brought to bear on it

a large brain and a large heart. But to give a worthy rendering of the average part is not so difficult an affair. To walk and talk for half an hour in the course of the evening makes no great strain on your physique, even though you have to walk gracefully and to talk in a high key. Moreover, the amount of brain-power you require for "studying" the average creation of the average dramatist is—well, not above the average. Nor is the emotional power that you require for "feeling" nightly all that is in it. However, doubtless, the aspirants whom I am addressing do not wish to be average mimes, and feel that they are cut out for great things. Even so, they need not fear that their art will "take it out of" them, to any alarming extent. In acting a great part they will have to spend a good deal of physical force. But their intellectual force will be spent merely beforehand: once their conception of a part's meaning is clear, their minds may be set at rest. They will not have to elucidate the part every evening. Nor will they even have to "feel" it after, say, fifty consecutive evenings. Even if they then be still able to feel it (which is doubtful) they need not bother to do so. They will be able to produce on the audience, without any trouble, exactly the same effect as they produced at first through throwing their whole souls into every line. Their facial expression, their vocal inflections, their gestures—all these will come of their own accord, through force of habit. The long-run system is often deplored on the ground that the mimes "walk through" their parts. This is not quite just. Really, it is very seldom, even after two hundred nights, that one sees a mime acting with less evident strenuousness than at the beginning of the run. Nevertheless, anyone who knows anything about the inner side of histrionics knows that this strenuousness, however convincing, may be but an illusion, that the mime may be merely producing his or her effects automatically.

A curious instance of this detachment in mimes after a long run was given me, some years ago, by a candid actress. She was playing the principal part in a play which had had a very long run. Her part was that of a Russian countess, and her great scene came in the third act, when she determined to take poison. Sitting down at a table, she wrote a letter to her lover, speaking it aloud, sentence by sentence, according to the time-honored convention, while her quill scoured the paper, "Ere you read these words, Ivan, I shall be far away, tasting a tranquillity, which, since you came into my life, has been denied me. You have wronged me foully, Ivan, and broken my heart. But now, in the shadow of death, I forgive you—forgive you for the sake of those few brief days of rapture when I knew myself loved by you. Already the shadow of Death" etc. etc. It was a longish letter, and I quote from memory, but that was the effect of it. And the effect of it on the audience was very poignant. The sobs of the Countess, her chokings, the real tears that fell from her eyes, all had their counterparts in the audience. And yet it is a fact that, on most nights after the first flush of the play's run, Mrs. — was taking the opportunity of writing some little note which she had forgotten to write before coming down to the theatre. "Dear Mr. — If you have nothing better to do, won't you come and dine with us quite quietly on Sunday? It seems such an age since I saw you. And I want to tell you all about" etc. etc., or "Mrs. — is much surprised that Madame Chose has not sent the dress which she promised faithfully would arrive last night. Unless it is delivered before noon to-morrow" etc., etc.

How arose the general notion that mimes are a hard-worked race? The true answer to this question is, I think, suggested in "Cynthia's Damages." Commenting on the eminent lawyer's description of *Miss Walpole*, Mr. Turner says, "it was always remarkable how hard-working all the actresses for whom he appeared seemed to be." The public holds a brief for all actors and actresses. The fascination of their atmosphere has conquered the public. And, ever moral, the public is determined to convince itself that it has been won, not by fascination, but by moral worth.

The Mirror

HEART O' BEAUTY.

BY FIONA MCLEOD.

WHERE are thy white hands, Heart o' Beauty?
Heart o' Beauty!
They are as white foam on the swept sands,
Heart o' Beauty!
They are as white swans i' the dusk, thy white hands
Wild swans in flight over shadowy lands,
Heart o' Beauty!
O lift again thy white hands, Heart o' Beauty,
Heart o' Beauty!
Harp to the white waves on the yellow sands,
Heart o' Beauty!
They will hearken now to these waving wands,
To the magic wands of thy white hands,
Heart o' Beauty.
From the white dawn till the grey dusk, Heart o' Beauty,
Heart o' Beauty!
I hear the unseen waves of unseen strands,
Heart o' Beauty!
I see the sun rise and set over shadowy lands,
But never, never, never thy white hands, thy white hands,
Heart o' Beauty.

THE TIMES ARE PROPITIOUS.

BY H. CLAY NEVILLE.

THE sober political reformer has good cause now to be hopeful. The spirit of public virtue is abroad in the land, and the rascals who have fattened on official plunder, of late years, begin to realize that their victims, the people, are not utterly helpless. Not for many years have the signs of the times been so propitious as at present.

The best thing about this world is that evil works its own destruction. Wrong has not the power of perpetuity in the complex struggle of human affairs, and moral courage conquers the strongest combinations of the forces of public iniquity.

An awakened sentiment of righteousness is to-day gaining supremacy in this country. Every city in the United States feels the force of this uprising against the domination of cunning, greed and fraud in civic affairs. Higher ideals of government are demanding recognition and a tone of decency in politics is becoming fashionable. The noisy demagogue, who has far more impudence and vanity than conscience, and the callous boddler, long debauched by his vile trade, have unmistakable warnings that the people mean to study public questions with a new and a cleaner interest. The business man, heretofore often a blind partisan or an inactive spectator of political events, has begun to see that a bad government is a most expensive institution. He compares the average politician with the managers of private business concerns, and notes a difference in character not altogether flattering to the former. That means mischief to the old gang of public parasites who have been too generously tolerated by the taxpayers of America.

When the respectable citizen begins to elbow his way through the crowd of deadbeats that subsist on campaign bounties and insist on being heard at party councils, the bosses know that danger for them is afoot. The political corruptionist is everywhere on the dodge just now. The spoilsmen who have so long polluted city halls are amazed at the rising clamor for cleaner municipal government.

It is fortunate that, at this time, when the sentiment of wholesome reform is gaining such substantial victories in the United States, the Nation has for its Chief Executive a man whose whole public life has been a protest against machine politics. Mr. Roosevelt's administration happily coincides with this revival of higher public ideals. The

character of the new President embodies with wonderful fullness and unprecedented vigor, the best spirit of the new time, and the country will gain much from the courage and uprightness of this marvelous personality who has already so wonderfully shaken up the dry bones in the public service.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., December 16.

A GUINEA PIG'S TALE.

I

PEOPLE think I'm no end of a Johnny, but I'm not. I once did a really clever thing. I admit that she made me; but some fellows never do a clever thing at all. Nobody could make them.

To begin with myself, I'm Lord Charles Manson, and I'm pretty well off. The governor tied my money up till I was twenty-five. When a fellow gets as old as that he begins to grow sensible, if he's ever going to be. Hawke and Solomon thought I wasn't.

They may have had some grounds for their suspicion. When they showed me the draft prospectus of "The Royal Iceland Gold Mining Company, Limited," I don't mind owning that I thought it was a really good thing. The prospectus said it was, and print looks so convincing. There were a lot of figures, showing how much ice you melted, how much gold you got, what it cost, and what was profit—50 per cent. I think the profit was. It looked such a nice company that I thought I'd like to have a cut in.

"H'm!" I said. "I suppose the shares will all be snapped up? 'Pon my word, I—"

"My dear fellow," said Hawke, "if you would like—"

"Of course I should," I said.

"Then leave it to me."

"We'll see you through," said Solomon. "How many shares do you want?"

"Well," I said, "I couldn't draw more than £10,000 without letting old Vance know, and he'd be sure to go to my mother and make a fuss." Vance is our solicitor. "So I can't have more than 10,000." They were £1 apiece.

"My dear boy," said Solly, "you shall have them. In a month they'll be up to £2. and then you can sell out."

Afterwards they altered the prospectus a bit, and put me in as chairman. I didn't see the use; but they explained it was on account of my being a lord, and well known as a cricketer.

"I can't make speeches," I pointed out, "or do much of the management."

"Not at all," Hawke promised.

"Solly and I are the managing directors. Of course, we shall be glad of your advice at all times."

"What shall I do first, then?" I asked. "The chairman ought to have a voice in the concern?"

"Oh—er—certainly," said Hawke.

"Come round to the offices with us this afternoon and see the staff. Perhaps you can suggest some improvements."

We went to the offices accordingly. When we entered the clerks' room, Hawke said: "This is Lord Charles Manson, our chairman." They all stood up. It made me feel deuced awkward. However, I professed to be very interested in the work and asked them all what they did. They seemed to do everything so well that I couldn't for the life of me see anything to improve.

Then we went into another room, where there was a very nice young lady in a very neat blouse. She had one of those pretty Irish faces—half innocent, half saucy—and she made a dainty little bow.

"This is Miss Reilly, our typewriter," they said.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," I said. "It's—er—a very fine day." It was a beastly day, as a matter of fact.

"It is finer than it was," she assented.

"Er—how do you like typewriting?"

"It is my living, my lord. I've hardly thought whether I like it or not."

"Miss Reilly does her work admirably," Hawke informed me.

"Then," I said, "I hope she's well paid."

Fine Furs are Scarce, but They Are Fashionable and Comfortable.

You can not Afford to Buy Furs except at
a Store Known to be Thoroughly Reliable

There is no class of merchandise where you are so fully at the mercy of the dealer as in furs. If he is honorable and honest he will not sell trashy furs at any price. If he will sell trash at some price, what security have you that he will not sell trash at prices high enough to get the best. We know but one grade of furs at this store—that is the BEST.

Coats and Capes.

We carry a complete line of Fur Coats, Jackets and Capes and they are all made to wear and made to fit. Most of them are absolutely guaranteed by us. The finest Alaska Sealskins are shown—also some clever imitations that are so good that we can warrant them.

Rugents

Scarfs, Boas, Muffs, Etc., Etc.

Every conceivable variety of small pieces are here and the prices are very low for the values they represent. They are made of fox, lynx, mink, martin, bear, opossum, raccoon, beaver, nutria, chinchilla, ermine, stone martin and many other fine furs.

"Certainly," said Hawke—"certainly!"

"What—er—salary does Miss Reilly get?" I demanded.

"Umph!" said Hawke. "I think—" He looked at Solomon.

"Well," said Solomon, "for the moment—"

"Do you mind my asking you, Miss Reilly?"

"Certainly not, my lord. Twenty-five shillings a week."

"Really," I said firmly, "this seems a matter in which some improvement might be made."

"Of course," said Hawke—"of course. I had no idea that it was so little."

"Shall we say thirty shillings?" Solomon asked me.

"Thirty-five shillings," I suggested.

"I will instruct the cashier at once," Hawke promised. "You will find his lordship always ready to appreciate good work, Miss Reilly."

She looked so pleased and thanked me so prettily, that I was sorry I hadn't said a couple of pounds. It seemed a jolly shame that such a nice girl should have to typewrite. I went in once or twice afterwards to see that she had her raise all right, and talked to her. She was an officer's daughter; but her father was dead, and her mother was an invalid, so she had to work.

II

One afternoon I was having a stroll in the Park, before dinner, when she happened to come along. I'd heard her say that she went home that way. I was wondering whether she would object to my walking with her, when she suddenly stopped.

"May I have a few words with you, my lord?" she asked.

"As many as you like," I said.

"You are an honorable gentleman?"

"Well," I said, "I hope so."

"I rely upon your not mentioning what I am going to say. I can't afford to lose my place."

"You may entirely rely upon me," I assured her. She hesitated a moment, studying her tiny shoes.

"I don't think you are aware," she said at last, "that your company is only a paper one."

"Why," I ejaculated, "the prospectus—" She laughed so suddenly that I laughed, too.

"The prospectus! Surely, you don't mean that?" I asked her to sit down.

"I suppose you mean there isn't much gold?"

"There isn't any gold. There never will be any gold. The company is a mere device to get the money of foolish

people. Of course, you probably won't believe me; but—"

"No one could help believing you," I assured her.

"But I thought Hawke and Solomon were too sharp—"

"They are. Much too sharp."

"Umph!" I didn't know what to say. Fortunately the man who collects the pence for the chairs made a diversion. She wanted to pay for hers, but couldn't find her pocket in time, luckily.

"They've taken a lot of shares," I demurred.

"They, with a few of their friends, and you, hold them, practically, all."

"Then they'll lose their money."

"Scarcely, as they paid themselves for the shares. Shall I tell you what they will do?"

"Please. You're awfully good."

"They have just given instructions to brokers to buy largely, knowing that there is practically not one to sell. When they have bought a few shares at high prices, people will think that there is a fortune in the company. They will see that its chairman is a gentleman of position, with a reputation as an honest, English sportsman." I bowed, not knowing what else to do. "So Hawke, Solomon and Co., will gradually dispose of their shares, and you and the new shareholders will be left with an utterly worthless concern."

"I've evidently been a precious fool! I don't see what I can do now."

"Don't you. I do. When they have given sufficient orders to buy largely, sell them your shares." I laughed aloud.

"Upon my word, Miss Reilly," I said, "you are as clever as you are—er—pretty."

"Oh, no!" she said, with a blush.

"Well," I admitted, "perhaps not so exceedingly clever as that."

"I didn't mean that at all," she said. "You—you really shouldn't, my lord."

"Please don't be offended," I implored, "because I meant it—both things." She explained that intention made my offence worse.

We arranged that she was to let me know when to tell my brokers to sell. We were just shaking hands for good-bye, when I had an idea.

"I say, Miss Reilly," I said, "if I get rid of my shares to Hawke and Solomon, won't they sell them to some poor wretches, who can't afford the loss as well as I can?"

"You can't help that," she answered slowly.

"By Jove, I can!"

"You promised to do what I told you."

"I'd do almost anything you told me—jump into the water, or—"

"Probably you can swim," she remarked sarcastically.

"Ye-es. Well, into 'he fire. I can burn!"

"Don't be so silly! I beg your pardon, my lord. But really you are—"

"A bit of a fool," I said regretfully; "but, I hope, as you said, an honorable one."

"I know what you can do," she said, with sudden animation. "As soon as you've sold them your shares send a notice to the papers that you have severed your connection with the company."

"Miss Reilly," I said, "you are splendid!"

During the next week I met her every day. She said it wasn't necessary to meet so often, but I insisted that I was sure to do something silly if we didn't. She gave me a lot of directions, and I carried them out to the letter. If I had been a regular Johnny I couldn't have done that, you know. Finally I sold all the shares to Hawke and Solomon, through their various brokers, gaining about £7,000 upon the transaction. Then I sent my letter to the papers. When it appeared next morning I laughed till I nearly choked myself.

After breakfast I went round to the office to give Hawke and Solly—or both, if they liked—a chance to punch my head. They hadn't arrived, so I went in and sat on Miss Reilly's table, and told her she must share the profits; but she wouldn't. Presently they came in.

"Oh!" sneered Hawke. "Here is the pretty dear who has sold us. Mind she doesn't sell you a worse one, you mean, underhanded—"

"That's enough," I said, getting up.

"We shall not require Miss Reilly any more," said Solomon suavely, "now that her dear friend the chairman has left us."

"Put on your hat Miss Reilly," I directed; and she obeyed without a word.

"No doubt," said Hawke, with an evil grin, "his lordship will provide more pleasant occupation—"

I knew he'd beat me in argument, so I knocked him down. I would have knocked Solomon down, too, but he bolted. So she and I went out together.

✽

We have formed a company of our own now, and if she is managing director, I am chairman. It is a very limited company—made of her and me.

London Answers.

SOME NOTABLE VERSE.

BY S. O. HOWES.

It is one of the little ironies of literary life that an artist in letters may suddenly achieve fame, or perhaps notoriety, by some work of minor importance while the choicest fruit of his labors goes unregarded. Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston," is a sealed book to the many who applaud his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." So, in the case of Stevenson's candid friend, the Truthful-James strictures on Balfour's biography will bring Henley's name to the unfavorable notice of thousands of Stevenson idolaters who are all unaware of his creative work. Henley is something more than an iconoclast. He is, as well, a fashioner of images, and, in his remarkable "Hospital Verses," he has blazed out a new path all his own. These graphic and not unmusical studies of life, as viewed from an infirmity cot, appeared more than a dozen years ago. Now comes, with the clear note of the thrush, his later lyrics, "Hawthorn and Lavender" and in reading them the admirer of his "Book of Verses" and "London Voluntaries" will suffer no disappointment.

Two striking qualities, usually uncombined, are found in his verse—lyrical sweetness and virility; the note of the throstle and the deep thunder tones of primal Nature. The Saxon looms large in his splendid defiance of Fate's decrees and yet when he sings of love's delights no Ronsard can outvie him. As an earnest of what the little volume contains I give this beautiful love-offering:

"Come where my Lady lies,
Sleeping down the golden hours!
Cover her with flowers.

"Bluebells from the clearings,
Flag-flowers from the rills,
Wildings from the lush hedgerows,
Delicate daffodils,
Sweetlings from the formal plots,
Blossomkins from the bowers—
Heap them round her where she sleeps—
Cover her with flowers!"

"Sweet-pea and pansy,
Red hawthorn and white;
Gilliflowers—like praising souls;
Lilies—lamps of light;
Nurselings of what happy winds,
Suns, and stars, and showers!
Joylets good to see and smell—
Cover her with flowers!"

"Like to sky-born shadows
Mirrored on a stream,
Let their odors meet and mix
And waver through her dream!
Last, the crowded sweetness
Slumber overpowers,
And she feels the lips she loves
Craving through the flowers!"

His attitude towards life is that of active and unceasing conflict with the varied forces that pull us hither and yon; he has naught but contempt for passive acquiescence or complaining pessimism. This doughty spirit animates his whole body of verse, giving it color and freshness.

Happy, too, is he in his memorial poems; no easy achievement. The only praiseworthy lines, evoked by the death of Victoria, are those from which I give the opening stanza:

"Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a sovereignty containing
The beauty and strength and state of half a
world,
Pass from her, and she fades
Into the old, inviolable peace."

In closing this commendation of the years' end best book of poems it is fitting to include this from one of his finest songs of leave-taking:

"So let me hence as one
Whose part in the world has been dreamed
out and done;
One that hath fairly earned and spent
In pride of heart and jubilation of blood
Such wages, be they counted bad or good,
As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved
to pay;
And, having warred and suffered, and passed
on
Those gifts the Arbiters preferred and gave,
Fare, grateful and content,
Down the dim way
Whereby races innumerable have gone,
Into the silent universe of the grave."

"THE STARBUCKS."

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

Opie Read's play, "The Starbuck," a character drama in four acts, began what promises to be a successful run at the Dearborn Theater, in Chicago, on December 15th. This play is great in a refreshing simplicity which reminds one of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Not, of course, that there is the slightest resemblance between them in a structural way, but the quaint and irresistible humor of Mr. Read, the vividness of the character drawing and the sweet and wholesome effect of the play remind one of Goldsmith's masterpiece. There are no guns, drums, and wounds in this play. There is no waving of the flag, no flashing of uniforms, no rattle of horse's hoofs. It is a quiet play, but nevertheless intense. It is the most enjoyable play placed on the American stage in the past twenty years.

Emmet Corrigan, as *Jasper Starbuck*, made a splendid impression. Mr. Corrigan's individuality melted into the character of the mountaineer and he won deserved applause in every scene for his delineation of the part. *Life Peters*, played by Thomas Coleman, was also a capital study of mountain character, portrayed with a virile touch and sustained admirably to the end. *Kintchin*, the darkey servant, was played by William Lightfoot Visscher and was one of the distinct triumphs of the evening. Mr. Visscher was the reincarnation of Milt. G. Barlow. His manner was unctuous, his dialect perfect, his humor sparkling. *Laz Spencer* and *Mose Blake*, two eccentric mountain boys, kept the audience in a continual uproar of laughter and applause with their clumsy motions and rustic but unconscious fun. These two characters deserve special mention for their fun-producing powers, and for the fact that they are typical mountain youths, full of quaint sayings and original wit.

Mamie Ryan as *Lou Starbuck*, *Jasper's* daughter, was very charming indeed. Her dialect was exceedingly well given and she earned fresh laurels in the role. Miss Ryan has not only conquered the Southern dialect but she has captured the true essence of Southern womanhood, and her portrayal of the mountain girl left nothing to be desired. The others of the company were fully adequate to their parts and the presentation of Mr. Read's play could not have been given by a more competent cast.

It is refreshing and encouraging, in this day of charlatany and horse-play, to witness a play written by an American author, founded on American character, and played by an American troupe, which is such a success. As in most plays presented for the first time, there are slight defects, but these are easily remedied. But the play is one which has reached the hearts of the people. It will attract the public, both the cultured and the uncultured, for it has in it the touch of nature which makes the whole

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world kin. Mr. Read is to be congratulated on his success, and the people are to be congratulated on the opportunity of having such a sparkling play, so full of humor, so full of patriotism, so admirable both from a literary standpoint and from the standpoint of action and interest presented to them.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Dr. E. E. Kurtzeborn has returned from a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. True have returned from Chicago.

Judge and Mrs. Walter H. Sanborn are entertaining their daughter.

The date set for Miss May Scott's marriage to Mr. West, is January 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Leslie Behr are guests of their mother, Mrs. Behr.

Doctor and Mrs. Frank L. Henderson will sail for Europe, December 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Homer have with them their son, Mr. Roland Homer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Calhoun are settled in their Lindell boulevard home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Chouteau Scott have returned from a visit to Chicago.

Miss Julia Carroll, of New York, is visiting her mother, Mrs. B. C. Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Overall are visiting Mrs. James S. Rollins at Columbia, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom are entertaining their son, Mr. Dwight Blossom.

Col. and Mrs. E. B. Overstreet have been entertaining Miss Gretchen Lehrkind.

Miss Carrie Cook has set April 9th as the date of her marriage to Mr. Edward Preetorius.

Mrs. Selwyn C. Edgar has gone to Chicago to pass the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hoblitzelle and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Terry, Jr., have moved into town for the winter.

Mrs. Amadee Cole will give a luncheon, on Friday, January 3d, for her daughter, Miss Annie Jackson Cole.

Mrs. Dan C. Nugent will receive on Wednesday, January 1st, for her guest, Miss Elith Nugent, of New York.

Mrs. Luyties and Misses Gerda and Lillie Luyties, will move into their new home on Lindell boulevard soon.

Mrs. Daniel M. Houser has sent out cards for a reception on Friday, Jan. 3rd. Mrs. William T. Adderton's card is enclosed.

Mr. and Mrs. Breckinridge Long are entertaining their son and daughter, Mr. Brickinridge Long and Miss Margaret Long.

Miss Selma Altheimer has returned from Northampton, Mass., to spend the holidays with her father, Mr. Ben Altheimer.

Mrs. Henry O'Hara, of 4026 Lindell boulevard, has issued invitations for a reception, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 1st, in honor of Misses O'Hara and Estelle Piper Bushman.

Mrs. James La Prie and Miss La Prie will receive on Wednesday, January 1st, from three to six o'clock, in honor of Mrs. La Prie's daughter, Mrs. Charles Ernest Chapman.

Mrs. Arthur Lee Thompson, of 4620 Berlin avenue, has sent out cards for a tea, on New Year's day, from eleven o'clock until one. The guests will be the younger set at home for the holidays.

Mrs. J. W. Moon, of 3956 Delmar avenue, will give a reception, on Christmas day, for her son and daughter, Mr. Earl Moon and Miss Grace Moon and their classmates of the Smith Academy and Mary Institute.

On Monday evening, Mr. I. Rosenberg and Mr. J. D. Goldman gave a ball at Mahler's, in honor of their daughters, Misses Blanche and Helen Rosenberg and May Goldman. The receiving party included Miss Carrie Goldman, of New York.

The marriage of Miss Mary Alice McLaran, of Ingleside, and Mr. Hizard, of Buffalo, will probably be an event of New Year's Day, and will take place very quietly at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. C. H. Sawyer, of Delmar boulevard. After a honeymoon tour they will go to Detroit to reside.

On Christmas day Mrs. E. H. Semple entertains the younger set with a tea, in honor of her daughter, Miss Julia Semple, and her classmates of the Mary Institute. Miss Bertha Semple and Miss Grace Semple will assist in receiving and entertaining. In the evening the young people will dance.

The marriage of Miss Ella Hill and Mr. A. H. Handlan, Jr., took place very quietly, on Wednesday, at the church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Father Power officiating. Only the immediate family was present. Upon their return from their bridal tour they will be located at the Usona hotel until spring.

Mrs. Festus J. Wade, of Lindell boulevard, entertains on Christmas day with a tea in honor of her two daughters, Misses Stella and Marie Wade, and their classmates of the Mary Institute. Miss Margaret Cox will assist. In the evening Mrs. Wade will give the young people a

dance, to which the college boys are invited. A bevy of young ladies who will assist in serving are Misses Francine Lucas, Florence Reynolds, Eugenia Coale, Virginia Cox and Florence Wade.

On Monday evening Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells gave a brilliant ball, at the St. Louis Club, in honor of their daughter, Miss Maude Wells. Only young people were present. Among those present were Misses Janet Lee, Emma Whitaker, Carrie Howard, Carrie Cook, Amy Holland, Carroll West, May Scott, Alice McBlair, Eugenia McBlair, Rosalie McCree, Mary McCree, Emily Catlin, Emily Wickham, Susan Thomson, Virginia Thomson, Erwin Hayward and Grace Temple.

Vanity is a centipede with a corn on every foot, says Lord Roseberry. Corns however are unknown upon the feet of those who wear Swope's shoes. Swope's shoe are finest in fit, in finish, in durability. They are worth the money asked for them. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

GOV. STEPHENS PREDICTS.

After a tour through central, southern and southeastern Missouri during last April and May, and after meeting and conferring with representative Democrats from every section of the state, I became alarmed at the condition of political affairs in the state, growing out of the nomination of Rolla Wells, a Republican, for mayor of St. Louis, and the appointment by Dockery of gold men to prominent positions in the state service, and the deliberate repudiation of the silver wing of the party, and with all the earnestness of my nature, and with all the strength I could command, I urged our friends everywhere, through "Sharps and Flats," and in public interviews and private letters, the importance of a convention or a conference of representative Democrats, for the purpose of promoting party harmony, strengthening the organization, quieting the political waters, reaffirming our devotion to the Kansas City platform, and repudiating the work of the so-called Democrats in St. Louis, etc., etc., but Dockery, Cook, Seibert and Stone objected. At first, Stone was favorable, but after that mansion conference with Dockery and Cook, fell from grace. An official manifesto was prepared, and, bearing Cook's signature, was sent broadcast, in opposition to it. It was held by these distinguished bosses that the party was all right, and they would run the business to suit themselves. They wanted no interference from the "free-silver cranks" in the party. Since then a third party has been established, which will take from us the Populists, many free-silver Democrats, and the municipal ownership advocates, and a general state of demoralization and disorganization has followed. While I have been accused of treachery and treason, and of being an "assistant Republican" for talking plainly, I have at least the consolation of seeing in the present condition which confronts us a most thorough vindication. Unless the gang responsible for this condition is repudiated, and at once, it will be a waste of time for Democrats to nominate a ticket in 1902. Missouri Democracy is sick and tired of selfish and heartless bosses, and will stand them and their undemocratic and arrogant conduct no longer. Mark this prediction.—Lon V. Stephens in the Boonville Advertiser.

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ANOTHER VERSION.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In your Christmas number of the MIRROR (and on which I wish to offer my compliments and congratulations) I find a poem titled "The Ould Plaid Shawl." It's a gem, of course, for all Irish poetry are so many gems, and therefore must have been appreciated by your readers. I recall an old song, which under proper "inspiration" (and protection), I used to throw into the vocal arena and which bore the title of "The Ould Plaid Shawl." It sounds like a sequel to the one published in the MIRROR. I never learned the author's name, and he surely never learned of my identity or location. That accounts for the retention of my good looks. I send it to you for any use you may see fit. It's at least a dozen years old.

Yours Sincerely,

O. J. M.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 18th.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

Far, far from old Kinvara, on a bleak, December day,
Came a letter and a picture to an exile far away;
O!, eagerly I opened it and, who was it at all?
But my little Irish colleen and her ould plaid shawl.
Ah yes, the little colleen of my thoughts and of my dreams,
That I gave my heart to, long ago, in Ireland, of the streams,
The very face, the very grace, that held my soul in thrall,
My little Irish colleen and her ould plaid shawl.
O! yes, the witching smile of her that might a Seraph win,
The two, bright, beaming eyes of her, the dimple on her chin;
The clustering curls caressingly, that o'er her fair brow fall,
My little Irish colleen and her ould plaid shawl.

'Arrah, welcome, little colleen, to my heart and to my home,

'Tis kind o' you to come to me, o'er miles of ocean foam,
But I've kept a corner in my heart, that's nowise small,
For my little Irish colleen and her ould plaid shawl.
Tho' I've altered all my notions since the dear, old, distant days,
And laugh at life's illusions as I walk the world's ways,
There's one sweet, fragrant memory, I still love to recall,
'Tis my little Irish colleen and her ould plaid shawl.

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NEW BOOKS.

"First Across the Continent," a story of the expedition of Lewis and Clark, and their brave followers, the first white men who crossed the continent of North America between the regions occupied by the Spanish and those of the people of English descent, the first to explore the valleys of the Upper Missouri, the Yellowstone and the Columbia rivers, is told by the author-editor, Noah Brooks, in an entertaining manner. He frequently quotes excerpts from the diary or journal of the explorers, which enhance the charm of the narrative not a little. The party's many trials and vicissitudes, their meetings and queer experiments with the Indians, many of whom had never before seen a "pale face;" their hunting exploits and surveyings, Mr. Brooks depicts very graphically. The journal's chronicles are always very simple. When having suffered a succession of hardships, when for weeks nothing but roots and herbs were left to subsist upon, with now and then dog flesh for their only meat, when enduring the most painful of all tortures, the pangs of hunger, no long account of their sufferings is given to impress upon the mind the full extent of their wretchedness, but merely the bald statement that so many days passed without tasting food or that frozen hands and feet impeded their progress. Their expressions of delight, however, upon having the good luck to bring down a mountain goat or buffalo, after one of these periods of privation, are far more impressive than the most vivid of descriptions could possibly be. Their exciting encounters with "grizzlies" are told in a lilting, swinging style, calculated to captivate the heart of any boy and hold the interest of even the most blasé. The Indians' customs and modes of living are pleasingly set forth, and, here one receives impressions of the good qualities of the red man, not usually ascribed to him. By using diplomacy and tact Lewis and Clark avoided any trouble with these people, and, barring a few instances, when the word of honor was broken or some one of the more crafty chiefs turned thief and robbed the party of valuable possessions, their relations were wholly amicable. The book's appearance just at this time when anything pertaining to the Louisiana Purchase is of so much interest, is particularly appropriate. The first part of the narrative will be of special interest to St. Louisians for there are many places referred to which will be easily located even now, and many descriptions of the village at the time St. Louis was commonly known as Pain Court. Some of the pen pictures of the scenery of the "Rockies," the bleak loneliness of the plains and the exquisite charm of California climate are very effective, while the frequent reference to the States as one speaks of them nowadays, when in some foreign country, imparts a sense of dim remoteness that is wonderfully fascinating. When the reading of this book enforces upon one that it required from March 10th, 1804, to September, 1806, for Lewis and Clark twice to traverse the continent, a trip which now only requires a few days, the result is the deepening of one's sense of the rapid growth and development of the resources of the Nation. The story of the exploration, as Mr. Brooks tells it, is truly a modern historical fairy tale. The book is beautifully illustrated. The draw-

ings of wild animals, especially, those from Ernest Seton-Thompson's pen, author of "Lives of the Hunted," are exceptionally handsome. A map showing the Lewis-Clark route is another interesting feature and one which enables the reader to follow the travelers step by step. The volume, tastefully bound, is a useful acquisition to the library and should have a place in every home where there are boys who would learn the magic story of their native land. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.)

"Thoughts For Every-Day Living" a volume of Christian thought, by Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D., contains words of hope and cheer, applicable to almost any mood; spiritual meditations, and stories of love and mercy. The author has a good style. He thinks clearly. His piety is sane and sound. It is a pity that the author of so hopeful a little book should have committed suicide under stress of pain and insomnia in beautiful Italy. His mad deed, however, does not detract from the value of his fine Christian philosophy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. Price \$1.)

It is a consolation to those dissenting from the blind babbling about the "best sellers" that a number of the imperishable classics have lately been put out in most attractive guise. First and foremost is the pocket Balzac, in the Katharine Prescott Wormeley translation. The light paper, flexible binding, and the admirable English combine to make volumes with which it would be hard to find a single fault. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are responsible for this edition, as also for new editions of *Lover* and *Daudet*. John Lane, in New York, is issuing *George Borrow* and *Anthony Trollope* in pocket form; while at "The Sign of the Lark," such old favorites as Kipling's "Departmental Ditties," "Barrack-Room Ballads," Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," Eric Mackay's "Love Letters of a Violinist," and many others, appear in very dainty leather, gilt-lettered.

"The Washingtonians" by Pauline Bradford Mackie, tells the story of Mrs. Matthews' ambitions for her father, Senator West for the Presidency. At first these ambitions are even paramount to her husband's love and, in fact, it is not until the end and just before she learns of her father's defeat, that she suddenly discovers that Mr. Matthews, is, after all, more dear to her, than any hopes, however lofty, that she might entertain for the Senator. The President, Lincoln, is spoken of almost wholly in terms of derision, reference being made to his large, rough hands and the dominant idea is that of the "rail splitter." Miss Mackie does not take advantage of the opportunity offered her by the stirring times in which the scenes are supposed to have taken place. The secondary love story is rather forced and altogether the narrative is not what might have been expected. (L. C. Page & Company, publishers, Boston, Mass.)

An easy escape from quandaries about books ancient or modern is in choosing, for holiday purposes, the pictorial volumes and the calendars. Mr. C. D. Gibson is always with us and always has his followers; his "A Widow and Her Friends" is this year's

collection of his drawings, and no matinee girl in the country should be without it. The Gibson girl still holds her own, despite the Christy girl, the Stanlaws girl, and most recently the Peirce girl, a creation of Mr. Thomas Mitchell Peirce; a fine folio of these Peirce drawings is to be had just now. There is this to be said for Mr. Peirce's girls, they are such girls as one sees and admires; they are not over-fantastic. If you are tired of girls, Mr. Frederic Remington's "A Bunch of Buckskins," in which you have his bronchos and his cowboys in such form as will make you wish to frame them, are offered. Then there are calendars for all tastes. The sporting subjects prevail. There is a foot ball calendar, a horse show calendar, a dog show calendar and others innumerable. The football calendar is by Mr. E. B. Bird and I. B. Hazelton, while the horsey one is by Mr. Max Klepper.

A number of short stories, under one cover, by as many authors, is another volume dedicated to a guessing contest. Although some of the authors are quite famous none of the stories are especially delectable and had Mr. Paul Leicester Ford (one of the contributors and the one who introduces the story-telling) tried, he could not have made a poorer selection of the various authors' productions than are presented under the caption "A House Party." First of all, the supposed provocation for this "reeling of yarns" is ridiculous. In one and the same breath one is told that it was "a wonderfully assorted and combined house party," that there were brainy people, people who played golf, peaceful people, others not so harmonious and, altogether, a most extraordinary gathering—and yet, withal, it had become so unspeakably dull that the guests had thrown good form to the winds and, according to Mr. Ford, "were cross or yawning or both . . . and almost at the point of suicide." Then some genius (?) suggests story-telling and thus the ball is started rolling. Then again, if the guests remained long enough to hear all the narratives recounted—*ma foi!* the hostess must indeed have been on the point of committing suicide! "A House Party" is merely a new form of literary fakery. It is uninteresting. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, publishers. Price, \$1.)

"Why was Eve like Sunday?" "Because she was the first of the weak."—Ex.

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SONNETS IN SHADOW.

I.

If it should be we are watched unaware
By those who have gone from us; if our
sighs
Ring in their ears; if tears that scald our
eyes
They see and long to stanch; if our despair
Fills them with anguish; we must learn to
bear
In strength of silence. Though doubt still
denies,
It cannot give assurance which defies
All peradventure; and, if anywhere
Our loved grieve with our grieving, cruel we
To cherish selfishness of woe. The chance
Should keep us steadfast. Tortured utterly,
This hope alone, in all the world's expanse,
We hold forlornly; how deep love can be,
Grief's silence proving more than utter-
ance.

II.

When two souls have been truly blent in
one,
It could not chance that one should cease
to be
And one remain alive. 'Twere falsity
To all that has been to count union done
Because death blinds the sight. Such
threads are spun
By dear communion, even the dread Three
Cannot or cut or disentangle. Sea
From shore the moon may draw; but two
drops run
Together what can separate? What thought
Touched but one brain? What pulse-beat,
faint or high,
Did not both hearts share duly? There is
naught
In all we do or dream, from lightest sigh
To weightiest deed, by which we are not
taught
We live together or together die.

III.

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living
eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming, but all lies
Are vain to cheat a prescience spirit pure.
Our soul's true worth and aim, however
poor,
They see, who watch us from some death-
less skies
With glance death-quicken'd. That no sad
surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.
Living, our loved ones make us what they
dream;
Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely
seem.
Bitterer woe than death it were by far,
To fail their hopes who love us to redeem.
Loss were thrice loss which thus their faith
could mar!

Arlo Bates.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick,
Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to in-
form his friends that he is now connected
with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile
Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

"You mark my words," cried the beauti-
ful girl's mother, with the truculent pessim-
ism peculiar to age, "so sure as you take
this step you will 'repent at leisure'—"

"Oh hang it! I must put up with that,"
answered the pretty one, pettishly. "Even
that would be preferable to contemplating
some other woman repenting at leisure with
him."—*Sporting Times.*

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Under the above caption, in your issue of
December 12th, you say, "the average
woman, if she would use the ballot,
would use it as intelligently and more
morally than the average man." To this
sentiment I can cordially and heartily re-
spond, "Amen!" To an advocate of equal
rights and fair play, it is refreshing to see
how rapidly thinking men, in all parts of the
country, are discarding the time-worn theory
of the mental inferiority of women, and
coming out boldly in defense of the natural
and infeasible rights of the sex.

The opinions of the opponents of equal
rights have come down to us, for the most
part, from the ancients. Anciently woman
was regarded as being inferior to man in
almost every respect. Her education was
neglected, for it was not deemed possible
for her to cope with the sterner sex in any
of the avocations of life; the law regarded
her as a mental weakling, incapable of pro-
tecting her property rights, hence it placed
her under the coverture of her husband, and
gave him almost unlimited control of her
property. Even twenty years ago, the woman
who ventured into any of the professions
man looked upon as peculiarly his, was com-
pelled to run the risk of being looked upon
as a "nobody." However, conditions and
sentiments are changing. Many of the an-
tiquated ideas of the past went down in
oblivion under the effulgent light of nine-
teenth century enlightenment, and to-day,
at dawn of the twentieth century, thinking
men are looking upward towards higher ideals
and loftier aspirations, not only for them-
selves, but for the gentle sex as well. The
time has gone by when woman is looked
upon as incapable of competing with man in
the business world. In the business, pro-
fessional and literary worlds she has shown
herself to be the peer of man. Her intelli-
gence is now unquestioned, and her influ-
ence felt in every walk of life. She is the
great character maker, training in the
homes the sons of the Republic, and fitting
them for the great moral battles of life.
Wherever woman goes, religion, morality
and refinement follow. Unless the purifica-
tion of politics is indeed an "iridescent
dream," then the exercise of the voting pre-
rogative, by the daughters of the Republic,
would do more to clean the Augean stables
of politics than any other human agency.

Wm. E. Roop.

IRONTON, MO., Dec. 16, 1901.

A YARD OF MILK.

John Flanigan, the big policeman who has
his beat along Third avenue, above Four-
teenth street, strolled out of the rain, the
other day, into a grocery store, above Seven-
teenth street, and seeing a big crock of milk
on the counter, he said:

"Will ye give me a yard or so o' milk, me
bhoys?"

The "bhoys," himself not slow, dipped his
finger into the crock and drew a line about
a yard long on the counter.

"Here you are, sir. Five cents, please."

"Thin rowl it up an Oi'll take it home!"
said John.—*New York Times.*

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vations. Trousers flaring at the top,
only a bit smaller at the bottoms than
at the knees—just enough to make
them "hang" gracefully. Coats with
sharp corners, longish lapels, pressed
seams on the slightly shaped back—
shaped just a trifle to give it the right
swing.

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THEATRICALS.

FLORODORA.

Provincials did not lose much by having to wait so long for a production of "Florodora." We all have heard and read so much about it in the past two years, that we expected something wonderful and extraordinary.

The thing is given this week at the Century Theater. It consists of two acts, the second act being divided into two scenes. The scenic effects and costumes are exceptionally good. The first act is decidedly tame, but the second act is diverting. The play, taken as a whole, contains nothing to rave over. Of plot, there is very little, or nothing; it is not worth while to dwell upon it. The two acts are a conglomeration of nonsense of the rankest sort, interlarded with a good many songs, some of which are good, while others are eminently mediocre. There is also a good deal of dancing, of the jumping kind, with the usual accompaniment of a bewildering display of hosiery and skirts. The double sextet, in the second act, entitled "Tell me, pretty Maiden," makes the greatest hit. It is undoubtedly the best thing in the show. Sunday night, it had to be repeated six times.

Isadore Rush, as *Lady Holyrod*, is once more displaying some stunning gowns, and that is about all she does. She looks as if she had stepped out of the show-window of one of our large down-town stores. She also sings a few songs, as an apology for appearing at all, and indulges in a few cynical commentaries of the usual, fashionable type. For some unaccountable reason she seems to be a special favorite with the average audience. Sidney Dean, as *Frank Abercoed*, A. C. Wheelan, as *Tweedlepunch*, and W. C. Mandeville, as *Gilfain*, deserve special mention. Bertha Waltzinger ap-

pears as *Dolores*, and sings some catchy songs, with a good voice.

"Florodora," in spite of some clownish blemishes and marked vulgarities, is a fairly entertaining show. It is a farce, pure and simple, and you cannot, therefore, expect very much. You need not be ashamed if you like it. The play is a good drawing card everywhere, and that is, nowadays, the test of art, it seems.

THE PALACE OF THE KING.

"The Palace of the King," at the Olympic this week, is aimed right at popular taste and hits it "plunk." The play is good of its kind. It is Marion Crawford and all kinds of paint and noise. The thing pleases the eye, but at times it becomes too much of a muchness for an intelligence that wants to see something like life upon the stage. But the romantic goes these days and it goes with a zip, crash, bang sizz-boom-ah, and "The Palace of the King" appeals to the liking of the people for that sort of stuff. Miss Viola Allen is a capable actress. She has some real acting to do once or twice in this play and she rises to the occasion. It's a good long rise, too, from the awful level of the romantic drama's conventions, and she carries the beholder up with her. The Olympic audience, Monday night, was quite captivated by Miss Allen's work, though the greater number of those present had seen it before. The supporting company is very good for the work it is called upon to do, but oh Lord, how long before the Theatrical Syndicate will give us a rest on this sort of hogwash in the name of the drama? It's enough to drive actors to paresis and auditors to drink—it's so flamboyantly unnatural and essentially meaningless.

Grouch.

"The Marble Heart," a drama in four acts, was presented at the Germania theater, December 19th, to a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Ervin J. Denecke, for whose benefit the play was given, essayed the leading role, Raphael, in a very creditable manner. Marco, the girl with the marble heart, as played by Miss Dorothy Salisbury, was very effective. A minor character, Marie, was made the most of by Miss Mayme Sullivan, a St. Louis girl, who demonstrated quite forcefully that she has in her the making of a very clever actress. Other performers did good work and, taking it as a whole, the evening's offering was decidedly entertaining.

PROBABLY NOT.

"A New York man is trying to start a new religion, which was revealed to his typewriter in a dream."

"I wonder if his wife knows about it?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

AGREED.

She—"And so you are a bachelor? Well, there is always hope for bachelors."

He—"That's so. It's never absolutely certain that they will marry."—*Brooklyn Life*.

THE star boarder, who was reading his paper at breakfast, suddenly gave a low shriek and fell to the floor.

Kind hands lifted him to a couch, and somebody went for a doctor.

The more curious among those present picked up the paper and saw what had shocked him. It was an item reading:

"California will ship sixty million pounds of prunes to the Eastern market this year."

—*Baltimore American*.

Just Published.

The Imitator

An Anonymous Novel



HIS novel ran its course serially in the *Mirror* during the summer months of this year, attracting much attention because of the supreme cleverness of its style.

The novel is a very biting satire upon some of the follies of swell society, literary pretenders and theatrical celebrities.

Certain of its characters have been identified by those familiar with the *Four Hundred*, with contemporary letters and the drama as being mercilessly drawn after originals in the fields mentioned. Some affect to believe that the author has X-rayed in this book the character of the peculiar Harry Lehr, of the affable dilettante, Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, of the strenuously different Richard Mansfield, but the reading public must determine that for itself.

The work is full of sound and brilliant criticism of life, music, art, letters, and some of the chapters in which the love story is developed are distinctly precious in treatment.

"THE IMITATOR" is a valuable "human document" showing the gayer world at its high tide of folly in the first year of the Twentieth Century.

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CRIMES OF THE CORSET.

In the four hundred years that have elapsed since Catharine de Medicis introduced corsets into France criticism of the article and of the women wearing it has not been lacking. Indeed, it was not long after the death of Catherine when a celebrated French savant gave a public lecture in his dissecting room at the Hotel Dieu to demonstrate the "crimes" of which the corset was guilty. These lectures raised much discussion at the time, and they, perhaps, and not coquetry and the feminine love of change, were responsible for the loose, floating lines of the Watteau pleat, or a century afterward, for the costumes of the Directoire. Now another celebrated French doctor has returned to the charge, and, not content with lecturing and demonstrating the evils of corsets, has gone so far as to form a bill which it is his intention to present to the chamber, and which, in the case of its becoming a law, would most effectually put a stop to what this doctor terms "the crime of womanhood."

Dr. Marechal is a physician whose reputation would not lead one to accuse him of mere sensationalism, yet the charges that he brings against corsets in his recent lecture are perhaps more stringent than those ever uttered before by any member of the anti-corset brigade. Dr. Marechal makes the astonishing assertion, and pretends to back it up by statistics, that out of a hundred young women who wear corsets only thirty retain perfect health. The law that Dr. Marechal is endeavoring to have passed is divided into three articles. Article I forbids any woman under thirty to wear a corset of any description. Any woman convicted of doing so shall be punished by three months' imprisonment. If the delinquent should be a minor her parents or guardians as well, shall be condemned to pay fine of from 100 to 1,000 francs.

Article II permits any woman over thirty to wear any corset she wishes.

Article III provides for the most rigorous formalities surrounding the manufacturing and sale of corsets. Every one licensed to sell corsets shall be obliged to take the name, address and, age of every buyer, and shall be subject to fine and confiscation of business in case of an illegal sale.

Although Dr. Marechal asks that legislation shall only take cognizance of the evils of corsets, at present, he is by no means to stop there in his desire for dress reform. He has a good deal to say on the subject of high heels and pointed toes, of tight gloves and long skirts. In short, he claims that women's dress has caused a frightful physical deterioration in the human species. While the cranium of the Merovingian woman had a capacity of 1,383 cubic centimeters, that of the modern French woman has a capacity of only 1,337 cubic centimeters and this loss, the doctor declares, is due to the habit of wearing heavy head-dresses. As to whether a modern French head weighing only 1,337 cubic centimeters is worth more than a Merovingian cranium weighing somewhat more is a subject on which the learned doctor does not care to enter. He is convinced that corsets, hats, veils and various other items of the feminine wardrobe are bad, and has come to the conclusion that if women will not be persuaded to discard them they should be forced to do so.

Dr. Marechal is an ardent supporter of the woman's rights movement in France, and yet it is to men and the law that he appeals to bring about the reform which he has so much at heart. He tacitly admits

that the vanity of the average woman will not allow her to give up these coquetties, and that she must be brought to do so through the intervention of her old-time "lord and master." But it has been argued by people whose perspicuity has been brought to bear on the subject that the strongest objections to the uncorseted figure come from man—the ordinary, average man. When he shall become convinced that a trig waist and confined hips are not necessary to a woman's good appearance there is a possibility that the corset will be done away with.

THAT TERRIBLE BOY.

Yesterday morning a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a street car. The woman wore a care-worn expression, and many of the rapid-fire questions asked by the boy were either unheeded or answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments of silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you! He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed:

"Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair. The fat girl in the next seat was getting dangerously red in the face.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, and then he turned to see what was ailing the fat girl.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't shut up I'll have the conductor put you off."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to stop his tears.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"My boy," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a penny."

The boy promised and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy.

"When I get bald-headed I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you ride in the cars leave that young gorilla at home, or muzzle him. I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but I am now forced to admit that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat

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in this car I'll take the next one. Good-day, ma'am."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped her lips.

"I'm getting a little suspicious of our book-keeper," said one of the partners to the other. "You are?" said the surprised one.

"Yes; I'm afraid there's something crooked with his books."

"What in the world gave you that idea?"

"Why, yesterday a band of music passed the office, and the bookkeeper never left his desk for a moment to look out of the window!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Kate—"Well, I got my revenge on Laura after all."

Alice—"How so?"

Kate—"She let me trim a hat for her?"

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A nouveau riche recently attended a picture sale in this city. A friend, who had noticed him at the sale, asked afterward:

"Did you pick up anything at that picture sale, Jorkins?"

And the other responded:

"Oh, yes, a couple of landscapes, one of 'em was a basket of fruit, and the other a storm at sea."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*



THE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a little further improvement in the Wall street situation, owing to more encouraging reports from Europe, rumors of an approaching cessation of hostilities in South Africa and a disappearance of the danger of gold exports for the time being. It is now believed that no further shipments of gold will be made until about the middle of January. Sterling exchange, however, continues fairly strong, and Berlin is expected to be soon pulling for more yellow metal. That European financial center reports marked weakness in sterling exchange. For this reason, it cannot be said that the monetary situation is very reassuring. There is no fear of disturbance in the immediate future, of course, but no one can foretell just when the struggle will be renewed. Europeans are recalling their funds from America, and there will be large remittances, it is said, on account of American bills maturing in London, Berlin and Paris in January. Taken all in all, prospects for an old-fashioned bull market are not very roseate at this writing. Besides this, surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks are very low, much too low, in fact, for times like the present.

The opening of the stock exchange at Johannesburg is seized upon by the bulls as a strong indication that the end of the war in South Africa is in sight. Every other day, there are rumors of peace negotiation, but nothing of a definite nature has yet made its appearance. The London stock exchange will, of course witness a marked revival of business as soon as there is any reliable indication that the temple of Janus will soon be closed. The Kaffir market is especially likely to undergo a wild boom. English investors are quite willing to assume fresh liabilities in mining stocks. It is somewhat questionable, however, whether a Kaffir boom will redound to the benefit of American securities. Funds invested in Kaffirs cannot be used in the American department. It may be, indeed, that American stocks will be sold by Europeans, the proceeds derived from the sales to be used in Kaffirs and other issues which have been unduly depressed in the last six months. European stocks and bonds are certainly very attractive at current prices, more so, in fact, than American securities. It cannot be denied that Europeans are at present very suspicious about "Yankees." Ever since the formation of the Northern Securities Company, the impression has been spreading abroad that Americans are being "fed out" on the quiet; that the syndicates are selling and that the apogee of the American boom was reached last May. This impression prevails, also, to a considerable extent, in Wall street. Close observers are willing to predict that there will be no more big boom for a long time to come, and that the short side of the account will be the most profitable one for those who prefer to go it for a long pull. There will, of course, be temporary bulges, every one in a while, due to special causes and covering of short lines, but nothing like a revival of the scenes of last spring. In the last few months there has been a decided sobering up, and people are no longer so anxious to buy "any old thing" at wildly inflated values.

Amalgamated Copper is, at this writing, behaving itself. The Stock is acting more sensibly, and has lost its hysterical characteristics of the past few weeks. The directors of the company have made another cut in the dividend-rate, and the stock is

now on a quarterly dividend basis of 1 per cent. Up to a few months ago, it used to pay 2 per cent. every three months. There has likewise been a sharp cut in the price of the metal. This was to be expected, and has been harped upon and predicted in the MIRROR on numerous occasions. London is also in convulsions, so far as copper is concerned. There have been a few failures over there, and some young, foolish speculator thought best to quit the game altogether and hie himself to a better world through the instrumentality of a pistol. It is now believed or expected that the worst is over, and that, by surrendering to the workings of the laws of supply and demand, the trust will be able to increase consumption and reduce production. It is a tough problem, undoubtedly, and holders of copper shares may have to lie awake of nights for some time to come.

The bears are now showing their fine Italian hand in Sugar certificates. Fresh reports of a cutting in prices of refined sugar, a prospective bitter war in coffee and sugar between the Havemeyer and Arbuckle interests, and the probability of a reduction in the dividend rate on Sugar certificates seemed to knock the bottom out. The stock dropped from 121½ to about 110 with a significant ease and rapidity. Big blocks were thrown on the market without any special regard for quotations. The shares sold at 153 last June. It has repeatedly been predicted in these columns that the Havemeyer pets would eventually sink below 100 again. They should be sold, that is, by plungers with ample means, on every sharp advance. The position of the Sugar Trust is weakening right along; competition is springing up everywhere. As a precarious 7 per cent dividend-payer, the stock is hardly worth as much as United States Steel preferred, which is quoted at 92½.

Some attention is being paid to the war rumors from South America. A clash between Argentina and Chili will entail severe losses for European holders of securities of those two countries. There may also be shipments of gold, to provide the sinews of war. Last week, \$500,000 was shipped from New York to Buenos Ayres.

Coal stocks are expected to go higher. Reading, Erie, Ontario & Western and Delaware & Hudson are strong features. There is persistent talk of an increase in the annual dividend on D. & Hudson from 7 to 8 per cent. If such an increase should be made, the stock would speedily touch 200; it is now quoted at 174. There is also a strong expectation that the semi-annual dividend on Erie first preferred will be raised from 1½ to 2 per cent in January. This stock, while not much of a speculative favorite, should be worth more than 72½, and the second preferred is entirely too low at anything below 60. The earnings of the company are very satisfactory.

The buying of Hocking Valley common and preferred, Atchison preferred and common, Union Pacific common and St. Paul has been in sufficient volume to put these shares considerably higher. Hocking Valley common, a 3 per cent stock, rose to above 69, and the preferred to about 83. The advance in Union Pacific common and St. Paul were due, principally, to covering of short lines. There was also good buying in St. Louis & San Francisco common, the stock selling at the highest prices ever touched.

It is not likely that there will be any marked decline in the near future. It is still a "scalping" market, with the tendency upwards, and this will probably continue to

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be the case for a few weeks longer. Cautious people will keep out of this kind of a market altogether.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Business on the local stock exchange, in the past week, increased to a moderate extent. Buyers came out of the woods again, and resumed their tactics in special favorites, such as St. Louis Transit, Missouri Trust, American Central Insurance, Continental National and Colonial Trust shares. The shares mentioned recorded a decided improvement, especially Missouri Trust and Colonial Trust. St. Louis Transit, while steady is not very much in demand. The United Railways issues are dull, the preferred selling at about 88 and the bonds at 89¾ and 90. There is not much investment

buying; the demand emanates, almost exclusively, from the speculative fraternity. The impression prevails that higher prices will be seen after January 1st, and that stocks are a purchase on all declines. It is fashionable to buy and to be bullish, and so it is no use taking the opposite view. The more Trust Companies they organize in St. Louis, the more buyers of stocks there will be.

Money is in strong demand, with rates at 6 per cent. Bank clearance are still heavy. New York exchange is quoted at par, and sterling is lower, at 4.86⅞.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 -103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109 -110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 10, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (Gid) 3.65	J. D.	June 25, 1907	102 3/4 -103
" 4	A. O.	April 10, 1908	104 -105 3/4
" 3 3/4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 3/4 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -105
" 3 3/4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. L. & N. 100	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -108
" (Gid) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107 3/4 -108 3/4
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107 3/4 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102 3/4 -103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 3/4 -105 3/4
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 -104
School Lib. 4 1/2-20	J. D.	June, 1920	104 -106
" 4	A. O.	April 1, 1914	104 -106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 3/4	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	75 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	105 3/4 -106 3/4
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	100 -101
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	95 -100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel. Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1928	108 -108 3/4
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	108 3/4 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 -113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s.	1927	94 3/4 -95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	92 3/4 -93
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	90 3/4 -91
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	90 -90
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 -105
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	100 -104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 -80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	305 -307
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8 3/4 SA	220 -223
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1901 6 SA	265 -270
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	264 -266
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	295 -301
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	289 -295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	333 -338
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1901 1 1/4 qy	182 -165
Jefferson	100	July 01, 4 p.c. SA	185 -195
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 4 SA	525 -675
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	268 -273
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/4 qy	237 -240
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 1/4 qy	332 -334
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	120 -123
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	138 -142
Southern com.	100	July 1901, 8 SA	110 -115
State National	100	Dec. 1901 8 SA	206 -209
Taird National	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/4 qy	243 -244

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Colonial	100	Forming	234 3/4 -235
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1 1/4 qy	291 -292
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2 3/4 qy	450 -460
St. Louis	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	342 -344
Title Trust	100	Oct. '01, 1 1/4 qy	145 -150
Union	100	Nov. '08, 8	378 -380
Mercantile	100	Dec. '01, 1, Mo.	421 -422
Missouri Trust	100		165 -166 3/4

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 3/4 -103
10-20s 5s.	J. & J.	1907 109 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s.	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s.	F. & A.	1911 109 -108 3/4
Lindell 20s 5s.	J. & J.	1913 116 -116 3/4
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -116 3/4
do Taylor Ave. 6s.	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s.	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s.	Monthly 2p	100 -100
St. L. & E. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s.	M. & N.	1910 100 3/4 -101 3/4
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102 -103
do Baden-St. L. 5s.		88 -94
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105 -105 3/4
do Con. 5s.	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M. & N.	1916 115 3/4 -115 3/4
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914
do Incomes 5s.	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
Southern 1st 6s.		1909 106 -108
do 2d 25s 6s.	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s.	J. & D.	1918 121 -122
U. D. 25s 6s.	Oct. '01 1 1/4	88 3/4 -88 3/4
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89 3/4 -90
4 p.c. 50s		34 3/4 -34
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	242 -244

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 3/4	19 -20
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 3/4	48 -50
Am. Car. Fdry Co.	100	Oct. 1901 3/4	30 -31
" Pfd.	100	Oct. 1901, 1 3/4 qy	85 -86
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150 -160
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	2 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO.	128 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901 1	18 -19
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO	128 -130
Granite Bl. Metal	100		275 -280
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	40 -50
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110 -115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3 3/4	112 -115
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Sept. 1901 2 p. c.	93 -94
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2 1/2	102 -108
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		51 -54
Mo. Edison com.	100		17 -19
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1 1/4 qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01 qy 2 p. c.	97 -101
Simmons Hdq Co	100	Mar., 1901, 6 A	171 -175
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1901, 3 3/4 SA	139 -142
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S. A.	140 -147
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. 1901 1 1/4 qy	20 -22
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p. c.	46 -48 3/4
St. L. Brew Com.	100	Jan., '99 4 p. c.	41 -43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	5 -25
St. L. Export'n	100	Dec., '95, 2	1 1/4 -2
St. L. Transfer Co.	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72 -75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135 -145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, 2 qy	220 -240
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7 1/4	173 -175
" Coupler		Consolidated	47 -50

THE TALL SILK HAT.

A heated discussion is again being waged in the London papers as to the wearing of the tall silk hat. Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower adds his views to the voluminous correspondence for and against the hat in a long article in the *Tattler*, in which he condemns the fashionable head-wear. "First," he says, "I believe that head-gear to be unhealthful. It is bad for both the outside and the inside of the head. You have only to look down from a gallery on a company of men who habitually wear tall hats to find that, almost to a man, those over fifty are more or less bald. I believe that baldness, which is so universal in what are called the upper classes, in contrast to the hair-covered scalp of the poorer classes, is mainly due to the tall hat. As to bad effects on the brain, we have the high authority of Dr. Forbes Winslow, who has placed on record his belief that the wearing of the tall hat is partly the reason for the amount of insanity, which is on the increase. This statement, coming from so great an authority on matters relating to insanity, is a most serious one. Surely the above is sufficient reason for making one dislike this head covering, which has had its day. The real reason which makes people wear this hat is the fear that they may be thought original, if not eccentric, by wearing a more comfortable and sensible covering for the head. Napoleon called us a nation of shop-keepers. Had he called us a nation of snobs it would have been nearer the truth. Fashion is the sole arbiter in these days, and for this reason it is not surprising that such a number of men injure their health and spoil their pates by donning the most ridiculous head-covering that, with ingenuity proverbial to the insane, the maker of hats ever devised." But Lord Ronald does not suggest what might be manufactured or invented to replace the tall silk hat of the present day.

In commenting on the evolution of the opera-hat, by the way, the manager of a fashionable New York hatting establishment said, the other day: "The opera-hat was formerly made almost exclusively of merino. There were a few men who wore opera-hats of ribbed silk, which they had made to order at a cost of twelve dollars each, the cost of the merino hat being seven dollars; and there were also a few, these mostly older men, who wore opera-hats of black satin, which likewise they had made to order. August Belmont used to wear a satin opera-hat. The merino hat, however, was long the most generally worn, and so it remained—and practically unchanged except that it had come to be finished with satin on the under side of the brim—until some eight or ten years ago. Then men took to wearing silk hats to the operas, and the distinctive opera-hat fell into disuse. Men took for an opera-hat their oldest silk hat, which was as good as any for this service, for, tucked under a seat or into the corner of a box, it was sure to be subjected to hard usage. This fancy for the silk hat as an opera-hat lasted two or three years, and then, about

A SYSTEM OF UNITS

Globe-Wernicke

"ELASTIC" BOOK-CASE.

A Xmas PRESENT

THAT IS USEFUL, HELPFUL, CONVENIENT ATTRACTIVE. It promotes a literary taste and encourages the better elements in the family circle.

Begin with one or more Units and add to it as your books increase. Units fitted with PERFECTION ROLLER-BEARING. DUST-PROOF DOORS. Call and see them or write for catalogue.

AN IDEAL BOOK CASE FOR THE HOME

Sole Agents for St. Louis,

Buxton & Skinner,
Fourth and Olive Sts.

seven years ago, the opera-hat was again restored to full favor, which it still holds. But while it went out, so to speak, in merino, it came back after that brief period of collapse in ribbed silk, of which material, once regarded as a sort of luxury in this use, by far the greater number of the opera-hats worn are now made."

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street

GRACE.

Dr. William Wallace Walker, the chairman of the house committee of the Lotus Club, says that a friend of his was recently called to a neighboring city to act as toastmaster at a dinner. His son, who accompanied him, sent this telegram to his mother, in New York, during the dinner:

"Papa presided with grace."

The anxious wife sent back this message: "Who is Grace and what is she doing with father?"—*New York Times*.

"But I am worth a million in my own right!" faltered she, sadly, for she had read that manly men abhor the thought of marrying rich women. "I love you for all that!" he cried generously.—*Town Topics*.

CHRISTMAS CURRENCY.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS,

has the pleasure of announcing to its depositors and friends that it has received a supply of currency and a quantity of silver for the convenience of those who wish to give new money for Christmas presents.

BUT WE DID.

When the fathers of our history declared
that men are free,
And flung their buckskin gauntlet at the
power across the sea,
There were fearful faltering ones
Who declared by all the suns
Of the hoary-headed centuries that it could
never be,
We could never, never do it—
But we did.
Tho' the narrow ones were nervous,
There were sturdy souls of service,
And we did.

When they welded all our feeble States to
one united chain,
And proclaimed an open market to the wide
world's brawn and brain,
Kings and tyrants of all lands
Rolled their heads and raised their hands
As they clamored at the notion of a Nation
gone insane;
And they said: "You'll never do it!"
But we did.
Spite of friction and of faction,
There was singleness of action,
And we did.

When they placed the power of government
in reach of rich and poor,
With a ballot held in every hand to make its
meaning sure,
Every fossilized foggy
Conjured up a special boggy,
With a "What! the serving and the served,
the gentle and the boor?"
Oh, you must not, dare not do it."
But we did.
For we knew man, born of woman,
If he's nothing else, he's human,
So we did.

When contention in the council of the com-
monwealths was rife,
And the long-fanned, smoldering embers
leaped to furious flames of strife,
At the sounding of the drum
Half the world cried "It has come!"
Neither God, nor man, nor devil can pre-
serve the Union's life;
You can never, never do it."
But we did.
Though it tore our every vital,
There was this much in requital—
That we did.

When the weary war was over, and the
blackness of a skin
Ceased to be the sign and symbol of a
Nation's blacker sin,
Still the cry was "All your slaughter
Only leaves you oil and water,
Stirring in a common measure, but no unity
within.
You can never reconcile them."
But we did.
And our compass shows no section
Harboring discord and defection,
For we did.

Now, again we face a problem, with its
settlement in doubt,
And in trouble and in travail we must work
the answer out,
Do it with our own brains solely,
Do it with our own hands wholly,
Hampered by no foreign nation, hampered
by no party shout.
You and I must face and do it,
And we will.
There's a shifting way and wrong way,
There's a lasting way and strong way;
But we will.

Far across the Western blueness is the glint
of crimson bars;

If we're right, the colors stay there, spite of
all the might of Mars;
If we're wrong, we will withdraw them,
Better mankind never saw them
Than to flaunt them over empires with a
stain upon the stars.

Time and Truth can solve the question,
And they will.
Maybe your way, maybe my way,
But, O Flag of Freedom, thy way,
That they will!

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the Independent.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Julia Marlowe will appear at the Olympic
theater, commencing Monday evening, Decem-
ber 30th, in the role of Princess Mary Tudor, the
leading part of "When Knighthood Was In
Flower." The play, presented here last season,
is too well known to need any extensive mention.
It is announced that the famous swearing speech
over which Miss Marlowe and Charles Major had
a dispute will be delivered with the swear word
left in. Miss Marlowe will give two matinees;
one on Wednesday, New Year's day, the other
on Saturday.

"The Paragon Juvenile Troupe" will give en-
tertainments, at the Odeon, on the afternoons
and evenings of December 30th and 31st and
January 1st. The performers in the musical
productions, all under the age of thirteen, have
been carefully coached, under the efficient
supervision of Miss Marie Roselle-Fletcher, for-
merly of the Castle Square Opera Company.
Among the principals of the vocalists are Violet
Harris, Elsie Smith, Marie LaBarge, Ethel
Gallagher, Eva De Vol, Rozier Wickard, Richard
and William Francisco, Hugh Thompson,
Adrian Padden, Frank De Vol, Henry Harris
and LeRoy Sante. There are some clever little
people in the troupe and the entertainments
should be well patronized.

"King Dodo," a new comic opera, by the
authors of "The Burgomaster," Messrs. Gustave
Luders and Frank Pixley, will be presented at
the Century theater, beginning Sunday, Dec.
29th. The story has to do with the overpowering
desire of a decrepit old monarch to drink from
the Fountain of Youth, and the scope for the
humorous situations and witty dialogue is de-
clared to be of the broadest character. Musically
the piece is pronounced very catchy. The pro-
duction, promoted by the Castle Square Opera
Company management, is in three acts. The
costume and scenic display are said to be very
elaborate. Among other capable performers in
the cast are Raymond Hitchcock, Cheridah
Simpson, Gertrude Quinlan, Miro Delamotta,
Greta Risley, Elsa Ryan, Arthur Wooley, Ed-
ward A. Clark and Charles W. Meyer.

The Rose Hill English Folly Company, at the
Standard, this week, is playing to large audi-
ences. There are a number of pretty girls who
render the catchy airs with much spirit. The
two burlesques are about on the average and
some of the specialties are very good. Next
week "Reilly & Woods Company."

The most delightful of evenings may be passed
at the Ice Palace, on Cook and Channing
avenues, where crowds of young people con-
gregate each evening to enjoy many brisk and
lively skating contests.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste
for the piano." "Indeed!" "Yes; he's
gnawed half the polish off one leg."—
Motherhood.

HASKINS & SELLS,

Certified Public Accountants.

30 Broad Street, New York.

204 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 30 Coleman Street, London, E. C.

ENGAGED

To Examine the Accounts of the
STATE OF MISSOURI,
CITY OF CHICAGO,
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT,
OTHER MUNICIPALITIES AND MANY RAIL-
WAY, INDUSTRIAL, FINANCIAL AND EDUCA-
TIONAL CORPORATIONS AND INSTITUTIONS.

WILL
OPEN AN OFFICE IN ST. LOUIS ABOUT
JANUARY 1, 1902.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Taxpayers will please to take notice that the statutory
penalties will attach to all tax bills of the current year re-
maining unpaid on the first day of January next. Pay-
ment may now be made without the inconvenience caused
by the rush during the last few days of the year.

L. F. HAMMER, JR.,
Collector of the Revenue.

St. Louis, December 8th, 1901.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK

Rose Hill English Folly Company.

NEXT WEEK

Reilly and Woods Big Show.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS
Between Montreal and Liverpool and
All European Ports.
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes.
Regular Weekly Sailings.
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent,
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

GERMANIA THEATER.

Fourteenth and Locust Sts.
Heinemann & Welb, Managers.
SUNDAY, Dec. 22nd, 1901.

The Grandest Comedy Success,

"DIE HERREN SOEHNE"

Comedy in four acts, by Walter and Stein.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25th, 1901,

Christmas Matinee,

"DER VERSCHWENDER."

By Ferdinand Raimund.

Sparkling Music and Scenic Effects.

Ice Palace

Cook and Channing Aves.

FOURTH SEASON

IS NOW OPEN

Finest Skating in America.

Music by Bromley's Band.

Admission, 25 cents.

THE ODEON.

Limited Engagement

"THE PARAGON TROUPE,"

150—SUPERB JUVENILES—150

Matinee and Evening, Dec. 30th and 31st, Jan. 1st
(New Year's Day) Double Bill,

H. M. S. PINAFORE AND
ECHOES OF BETHLEHEM.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS.

THAT'S ALL.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK

NEXT MONDAY

Viola Allen

Julia
Marlowe

IN THE
PALACE
OF THE
KING.

When
Knighthood
Was in
Flower.

Matinees Wednesday
and Saturday.

Matinees, Wednesday
and Saturday.
Reserved Seats on sale
Thursday.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

NEXT SUNDAY

The Great Musical
Magnet,

Floro-
dora.

"King
Dodo,"

The Comic Musical
Sensation.

Matinees, Wednesday
and Saturday.

Reserved Seats on sale
Thursday.

Choral-Symphony Society

ODEON,

Thursday Evening, Dec. 26th, 1901, at 8:15.

"Christmas Oratorio" . . . Bach

First Production in St. Louis. Grand Chorus
of 300 voices. Orchestra of 60 musicians, under
the direction of ALFRED ERNST.

SOLOISTS—Mrs. M. Hissem DeMoss, Soprano;
Miss Isabelle Bouton, Contralto; Ellison Vail-
Hoose, Tenor; Gwilym Miles, Barytone; Charles
Galloway, Organist.

PRICES—Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two
rows, \$1.00; Balcony, remainder, 75c.

Tickets on Sale at BOLLMAN BROS. 1100
Olive street.

CRAWFORD'S

Our Last Call to Readers of this Bright, Mirrory Paper for 1901,
Which Should Be Heeded!!

Colored Dress Goods

FOR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

- 54-inch Golf Suiting, plaid back with Oxford mixture, a full Skirt Pattern for New Year's Gifts\$2.00
Well worth \$3.50.
- Silk and Wool Imported Plaids for Children's Dresses for New Year's Gifts49c
Regular 75c quality.
- 54-inch Fine Colored Broadcloth, all wool, twilled back. New Year's Gifts98c
Regular Price, \$1.25.
- Fancy mixtures in Camel's Hair Suiting, all wool. New Year's Gifts49c
Regular \$1.00 quality.
- 100 pieces beautiful Waistings, all wool, just secured, the very latest designs in Corduroy effects, tucked granite weave with side bands. New Year's Gifts69c and 75c

Special Prices in

Black Dress Goods

FOR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

- 54-inch all-wool black Cheviot Serge, extra heavy quality. Gift Price69c
Regular \$1.00 quality.
- 54-inch all-wool Pebble Cheviot, splendid quality. Gift Price89c
Regular \$1.25 quality.
- 54-inch all-wool black Zibeline and Camel's Hair Suitings. Gift Price98c
Regular Price, \$1.25.
- 54-inch our celebrated all-wool black Broadcloth, twilled back. Gift Price98c
Regular \$1.39 value.

Boys' Clothing.

Special New Year's Bargains in Young Men's and Boys' all-wool Overcoats and Reefers.

In Kersey, Cheviot and Covert Cloth, blue, black and tan box, medium and long, just as you desire them. Competitors' prices, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00.

Our Special New Year's Gift Prices, \$10.00, \$8.50, \$7.50.

Men's Furnishings.

The Biggest Bargains in Half-Hose, Mufflers, Ties and Smoking Jackets that you ever have seen.

- All of our \$1.50 and \$1.75 Oxford Mufflers\$1.00
- All of our \$1.00 Oxford Mufflers75c
- All of our \$2.00 Buckingham Mufflers\$1.50
- All of our \$1.50 and \$2.00 White Brocaded Mufflers\$1.00
- All of our 75c Neckwear50c
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MY WALTZ PARTNER.

I danced with her twice, and I thought she was charming. Certainly she danced divinely, light as a feather, graceful as a swan. This is the usual method of describing grace, although, personally, I have never detected any excess of grace in the movements of a swan. Her soft, brown eyes had a beseeching look that was very taking, her little mouth invited kisses, and I might possibly have accepted the invitation had it not been a public dance. It doesn't do, on such occasions, to kiss strange ladies, however pressing the invitation.

She talked delightfully, too, and I thought, at the time,—I still think—I had never heard so sweet and musical a voice. Her figure, likewise, was perfect, and altogether I came to the conclusion that I had never seen so pleasing a specimen of Nature's workmanship.

I begged for a third waltz, while we supped, and she laughingly consented. That supper, by the way, was one of the most delightful I have ever partaken of, and I confess that I am somewhat of an old hand at such matters. She seemed somewhat nervous, I must admit, and I noticed that she played continuously with her knife, occasionally taking it up and trying the edge with her thumb in an odd sort of way. I ascribed this to her embarrassment. At first she was decidedly reticent, which was not surprising. It was, as I have said, a public ball, and ladies do not usually open their hearts to utter strangers on such occasions. The second glass of champagne broke the ice, however, and we talked freely.

She said she was the second daughter of General —; that she had left home, and, under an assumed name, plied her brush in a studio on Wabash avenue. This interested me, for I have a taste that way, and we became mutually communicative. Finally, she asked me to call upon her at her studio, and I had scarcely consented when the strains of a quadrille reached us, and, saying she was engaged, she rose hastily.

I accompanied her to the ballroom. She had scarcely reached it when a tall, swarthy man, with an evil look in his eyes suddenly appeared and, taking her arm in a very rough way, I thought, within his own, and without addressing me, led her away. He seemed to be taking her toward the door which led to the street.

I hastened after them, feeling annoyed.

"I hope you are not going," I said.

"Yes, we are going," said the man.

"But you owe me some dances," I protested.

The man looked at me with a curious expression.

"I greatly fear they must be postponed," he said, with some significance.

Then, holding his companion's arm firmly, he bowed and the two vanished.

Later on I found myself face to face with the unknown man. I checked my natural annoyance and addressed him calmly.

"I trust Miss X—has not gone for the evening," I said.

He smiled.

"I am afraid so," he said, quietly; "in fact, I am certain of it."

"But she is engaged for several dances—"

"Which will not be danced, at least, to-night. The fact is," he added, lowering his voice and doing an aside, "had you danced with her, I should not have cared to have been responsible for the consequence."

"The consequence!" I exclaimed, perplexed.

"To put matters plainly," said the unknown, "you have unwittingly been dancing with one of our most dangerous patients. She escaped from the asylum this morning, and we have been searching for her all day. She has already killed two persons, and," he added, drily, glancing at me, "she might have added to her list. I watched her at the supper table, and I saw that one of her mad fits was coming on. I don't suppose you noticed anything unusual."

Then I recollected how she had continually tried the edge of her knife with her thumb.

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